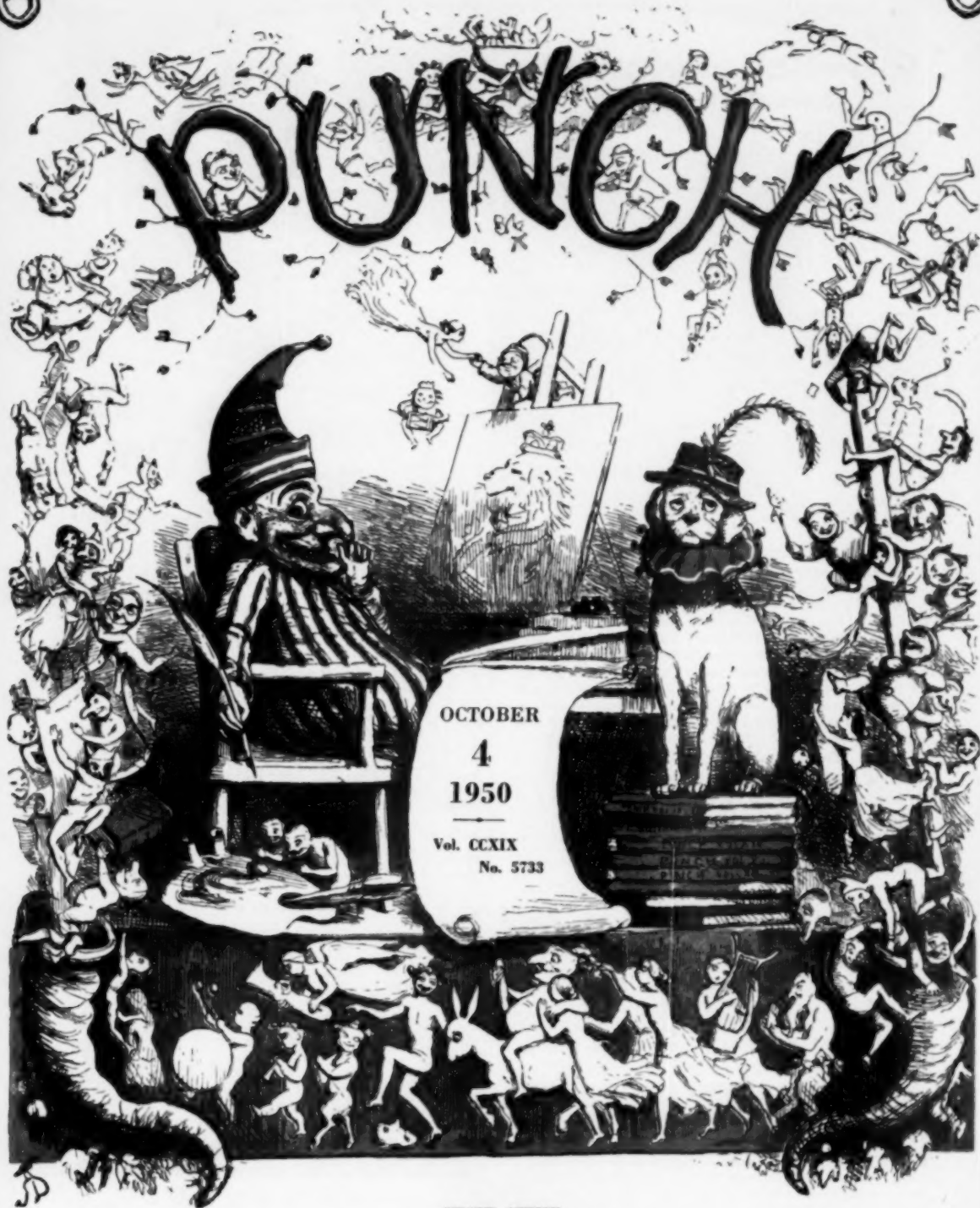


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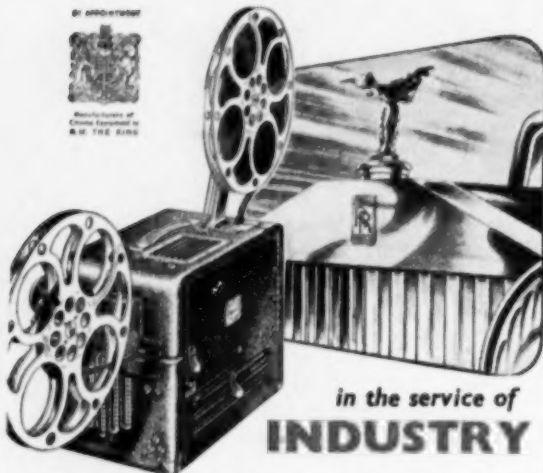
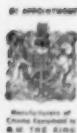
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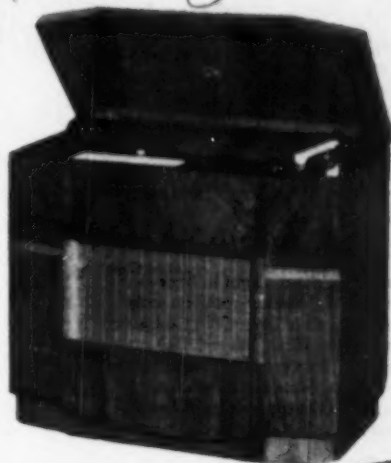
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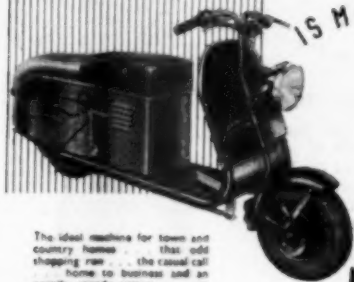


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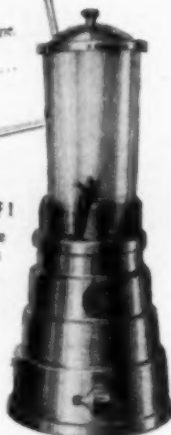


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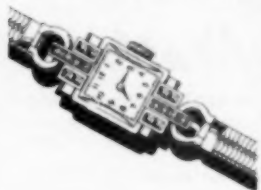
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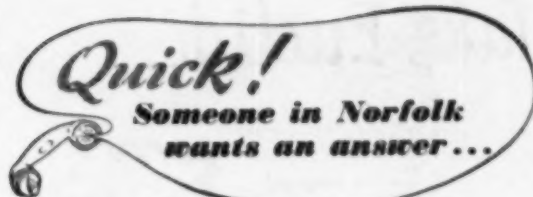


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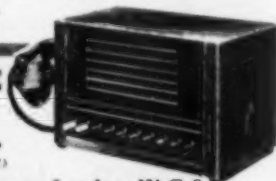
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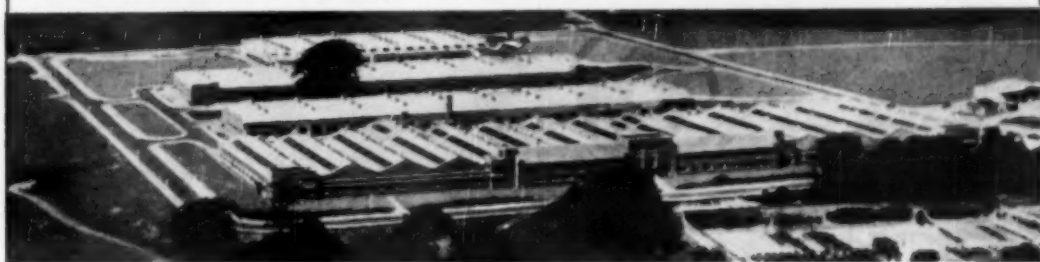
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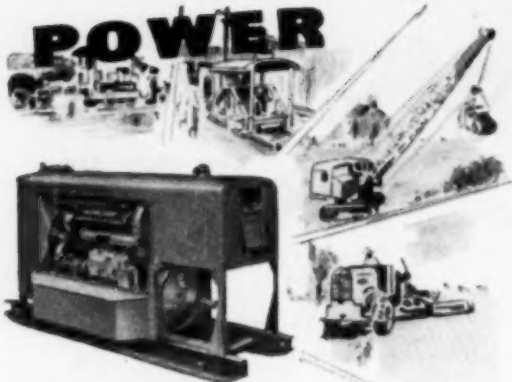
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7110



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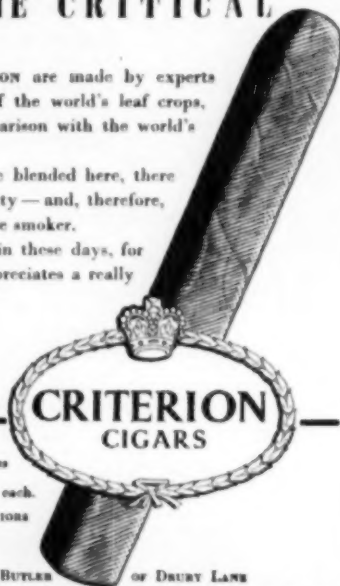
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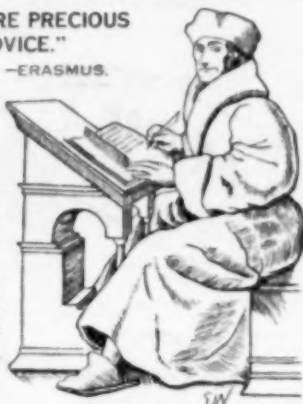
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give NUTRILINE a Try!

INEVITABLY, people notice thinning hair: it has—probably more than anything else—a marked effect upon a man's appearance. Too many men begin to lose their hair long before they should. Conversely, thousands of men today are using Nutriline to combat this ageing effect. Nutriline is the best possible tonic for your hair:

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use **Nutriline** now!

WTF 44/150



...perhaps
the finest
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In strong Fibreglass leather travelling case for emergencies etc.
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A portrait in soup

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If Beethoven, with the Pastoral Symphony, could successfully portray a landscape, he reasoned, why not a soup depicting virtuous womanhood?

The two most important symbols he selected were the acidity of sorrel and the softness of cream. These gave his beneficent potion a gracious suavity, with a subacid flavour, to remind one of the little gleams of temper without which the exquisite creature could not be a woman. Then he added fowl or chicken broth in the memory of Dame Panselot and her loyalty to

Chanticleer. Finally, he introduced a good allowance of butter symbolising the adulation of courtship. The whole he called "Bonne Femme".

Bonne Femme fed the appetite—but it fired the imagination, too.

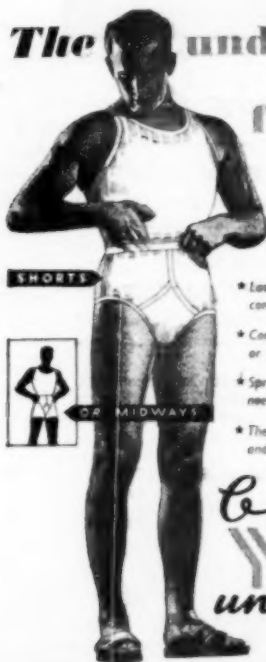
Today, apart from such delicacies as Bonne Femme, little remains of that age of lavish leisure. We can still thrill to the orange propinquity of a Bermuda Moon or the elegance of a Dresden figure. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world Perfecto Cigarettes are just about perfect.

"PERFECTOS FINOS"
CIGARETTES

P.F.A.

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Ask by name in any good Man's Shop for Coopers Y-front, the scientifically designed Underwear with these exclusive features:

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Picture by courtesy of The New Yorker

On the threshold of life a man should be careful to step off in the right clothes. This could hardly be simpler. Scarcely a quadrangle's length from Piccadilly Circus is Simpson's, famous for men's clothes from Daks Suits to shirts and underwear—and talking of stepping off, Simpson's shoes are something to see.



Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd

302 Piccadilly London W.1

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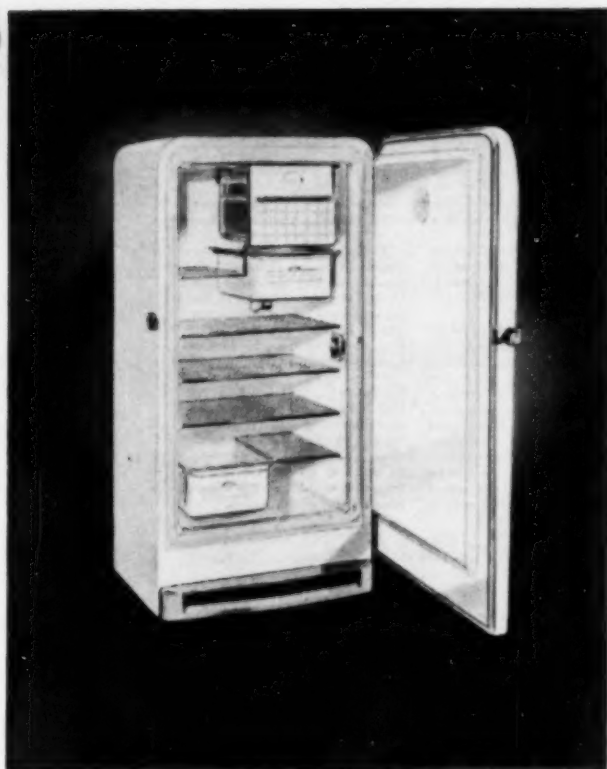
... for the right clothes

New!



Look at the inside..

Look at the outside..



Model OMM-74 6B4 plus P.T. 621.1.2 (H.P. terms available)

... you can't match this NEW Frigidaire!



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Compare this handsome new 7 cu. ft. Frigidaire. Check its overall size—and then look inside. Almost the entire space within the cabinet is *usable and refrigerated*. No bulky motor compartment, no unrefrigerated shelves or lockers!

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YOU'VE never tasted onions to equal those baked slowly and tenderly in a 'Pyrex' brand casserole! And there's a reason for it.

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and juices of the food are all held in. And what a joy this ovenware is to use! So labour-saving! No messy saucepans to wash up — no waste or trouble in dishing up. And these gleaming casseroles, so beautifully designed, look beautiful on the table.

Give your family a treat. Bake onions whole in a 'Pyrex' brand dish, with a little fat, in a moderate oven for 1½ to 2 hours, and serve topped with chopped parsley. Delicious! There's lots of variety now in 'Pyrex' brand oven-table ware at your local shop. Get some soon and enjoy happier, better cooking.

Best for cooking, cheapest and loveliest oven-table ware

'PYREX'



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OVEN-TABLE
GLASSWARE

All 'Pyrex' brand ovenware carries a 12 months' free replacement guarantee against breakage by oven-heat. It is made by James A. J. & Co. Ltd., West Glass Works, Sunderland.

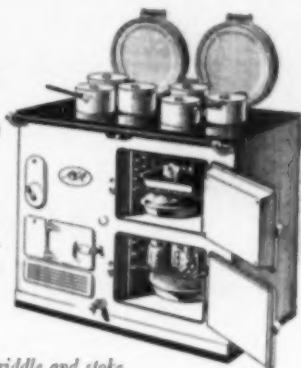
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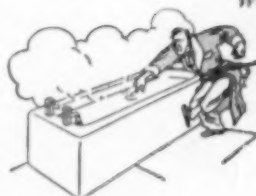
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Better buy her an Aga and spoil her.

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It boils, fries and roasts
Like Grandma (but
better to look at!)
It bottles and bakes
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And it's terribly comfy
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With unrationed coke
Only twice in the day, as you oughter,
Your baths will be hot
(Your temper will not)
And you've lashings of washing-up water!

For one shilling bright
It slaves day and night
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With Aga (the treasure!)
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For it saves you both
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but the well-dressed woman remains unchanging in her choice of Aristoc stockings to match their elegance against good clothes. And if she loves the finer things of life she asks for Aristoc nylons... they put in a rare but regular appearance at most good shops.



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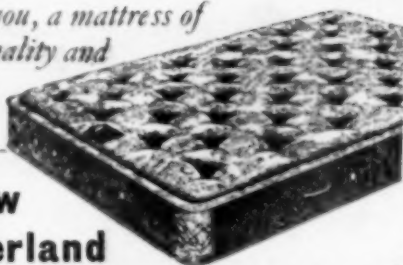
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pre-war quality and
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With ORTHO-FLEX, the completely new type springing!

Here at last is a mattress made with one idea in mind—to give you a lifetime of better sleep. Inside the Red Seal is the latest and greatest advance in comfort—Slumberland's exclusive Ortho-flex springing.

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no spring ever gets overworked, or wears out. See Red Seal this week in the shops. Go and see it; feel how Ortho-flex springs work and how they are cushioned. Then think all that rich, deep resilience, that sleepful comfort can be yours—every night of your life. See, too, other Slumberland mattresses, Divans and Pillows. Ask your dealer for the new Catalogue, with full details and prices.

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Illustrated on the left is family model S.472 net capacity 4.7 cu. ft., incorporating the 'Prestador' inner door for extra food storage. Price £68 plus £17.0.7 tax.



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CHARIVARIA

AN American writer, visiting this country, says that the London taxi driver has a readier wit than his New York opposite. Even the brightest of us find it hard to get any change out of him.



Good Time Had by All

"A delightful afternoon tea was the cake, and Mrs. Maisie blew out the candles. Mrs. Sutherland cut the candles."—*"Rotorua Post"*

~

Mr. Norman Stewart, of Prestatyn, who specializes in making gramophone records of wedding services as a lasting memento for married couples, told a newspaper correspondent "When a wife is reminded that she promised to obey, there is no trouble about cleaning her husband's shoes and generally looking after him." Wives will not be slow to point out that even with a record it is always a good thing to hear both sides.

~

For the Mechanized Age

"ALUMINIUM BUS CONDUCTORS BEST BY TEST OVER HALF A CENTURY"

Trade paper

~

A psychologist asks pessimists to remember that there are probably far worse conditions than theirs just round the corner. But how can they be sure this isn't the one they're supposed to be turning?

Lecturing at Oxford recently an American atomic scientist said that two new elements have been discovered, bringing the known total up to one hundred. The hundredth element is called centurium; the ninety-ninth has not yet been named. How about xcixium?

~

"ARCH MOULDED SHOES IN NEW 1950 DESIGNS IN STOCK AT D—'s"

COME IN AND HAVE A FIT"
Advt. in Lancashire paper

Not to-day, thanks.

~

Parliament is to consider a draft scheme for amalgamation of the Leicestershire and Rutland county police forces. "Rutland," says Judge Tudor Rees, "is passionately and uncompromisingly hostile to the union; Leicestershire does not want it, and if unable to avoid the so-called espousal, is prepared, under *force majeure*, to accord an unwilling, if not, indeed, a sullen acquiescence to it." The first police sports should be well worth seeing.



CHOP AND CHANGE

"Am I right to assume," asked the Under Secretary (Inanimate Objects Division), twirling the moustache by which the civil side of the Admiralty shows its independence, "that this item of equipment has been treated, for some centuries, as an engine of war?" "That is so," said the Director General of Engines of War, peering earnestly at his papers. "Mr. S. Pepys and, later, Lord Nelson are both recorded as having—" "Good," said the Under Secretary. "And may I also assume that we three are together to-day because ordered by the Lord High Admiral to consider the possible transfer of this item from the custody of the Department of Engines of War to that of the Department of Rum, Rations and Clothing?" "You may," said the Controller of the latter department, nibbling comfortably at a new experiment in ship's biscuit provided by his research section. Engines of War sighed. "I suppose so," he said, sadly. The Under Secretary turned to Rum, Rations and Clothing. "Perhaps you would care to say your piece," he said.

The Controller returned the unexpended portion of the day's biscuit to his waistcoat pocket. "Through the passage of time and the onset of the Mechanical Age," he said, "this item of equipment has become a personal adornment. Personal adornments are clothing, and thus a matter for my department. To me this seems an incontestable argument in support of the change."

The Director General of Engines of War cleared his throat. "I am unable to see why an engine of war, however decorative it may become, should not remain an engine of war," he said courteously. "Take steel

helmets. It has never been proposed that they should be treated as anything else. Yet they adorn." He looked round the table diffidently. "In my fire-watching days my wife saw me with new eyes. Although, therefore, I do not deny the high decorative content of the article under review I think it should remain an engine of war and, as such, under the control of my department."

The Under Secretary beamed. "We seem," he said with professional relish, "to have reached a deadlock."

The door opened and the Lord High Admiral, parrot on shoulder, nodded in. Everyone stood up. "Got an answer, you dogs?" he asked. "I was just saying, sir," said the Under Secretary, "that we seem to have reached a deadlock." "A deadlock, eh?" The Lord High Admiral stomped into the room, sat down and settled his wooden leg under the table. "Well, you old powder-keg," he said, he and the parrot glaring at Engines of War, "when was this thing last seriously used, as it were, on behalf of your ancient and well-meaning department?" "1884, they think here," said Engines of War, patting his files. "Battle of El Teb, sir." "An occasion of renown," said the Lord High Admiral. "It hasn't been used since?" "Not so far as I can discover," said Engines of War. "Sixty-six years ago," mused the Lord High Admiral. "And now you, Groggie," he continued, he and the parrot shifting their target, "what have you to say?" "The item in question, sir," said Rum, Rations and Clothing, "is in constant use as an article of personal adornment in the Fleet." "Like my parrot?" asked the Lord High Admiral. Groggie returned the parrot's unwavering glare for a moment. "A thing of beauty is a thing for ever, sir," he said carefully, giving it a piece of his experimental biscuit.

"Local overseas allowance," said the parrot. "Pieces of dollar-gap." "Silence on the quarter-deck!" said the Lord High Admiral. "I am about to give an order . . . sixty-six years I think it was I made it!" "Yes, sir," said the Under Secretary. "Time for a change," said the Lord High Admiral, looking up at him. "Give them to Groggie," he ordered. He rose and struck Engines of War on the back. "Don't take it too hard," he said as, parrot at the main-yard, he squared away for the door. "After all, I haven't drawn my sword in anger since the Crimean War, and even then I didn't get the chance of a chop with it."

MR. HARRY ROUNTREE

We learn with regret of the death of Mr. Harry Rountree, who contributed many drawings to *Punch* between 1905 and 1939. Perhaps best-known for his animal studies, he showed in his *Punch* contributions that in a more conventional field of comic art he had much fertility of invention. He was seventy-two.





WARNING TO CAT'S-PAWS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

—that an order has been made by the Secretary of State for the Home Department (S.I. 1950, No. 530) for the protection of wild birds and their eggs in the Administrative County of Kent . . . The following species of wild birds may not be killed or taken at any time within the County . . .

DON'T shoot the avocet, don't shoot the bee-eater;

Bitterns and blackcap, the bluethroats and
brambling, the

Buzzards and chiffchaffs, the chough and the
coot.

No cranes or crossbills, no cuckoos or curlews; at
Dippers and dotterel, doves (except ring-doves), at
Eagles and peregrine falcon—don't shoot!

Bobbies guard firecrest and flycatchers, godwits, the
Goldcrests, goldfinches, grebes, greenfinch, green-
shank; with the

Harriers, hawfinch, the herons and hobby.

Cops protect hoopoes, the strange glossy ibis, the
Kestrels, kites, kingfishers, knot and the lapwing;
don't

Brandish that catapult—here comes a Bobby!

Constables prowl round the larks and the linnets,
round

Martins and merlins, the nightingales, nightjars, the
Nuthatch, gold oriole, osprey and owl,

Ring ouzels, phalaropes (hands off that phalarope!)—

Cordons round pipits and cordons round plovers,
Around every pratincole constables prowl.

Flying Squad bikes follow quail, water-rail, and the
Raven, redpolls, redstarts, robins and rollers; the

Ruff and the reeve, with sandpipers and shrikes,
Siskins and hedge-sparrows, tree-sparrows, spoonbill, the
Stilt, stints and stonechats with swallows and
swans; even

Swifts are chased swiftly by coppers on bikes.

They'll pinch you for pinching the terns, tits and tree-
creepers,

Turnstone and wagtails, the warblers and waxwings.
Do

Not touch the wheatears!—Hi! Put down that
whinchat!

If you're caught stealing their whitethroats or wood-
peckers,

Wrens, or their wrynecks, remember we warned
you—the

Drop of a feather, the cops make a pinch at.



FATTED CALF

"WELL, now you've come you must have a cup of tea."

"No, thanks, mother. We've just had our tea."

"I was going to make a cup for myself."

"You do that. We'll just sit and watch you drink it."

"It isn't any trouble to make an extra cup for you."

"I know."

"Another spoonful in the pot."

"Yes."

"You won't, then?"

"No."

"But you could drink a cup of tea, surely, couldn't you?"

"Well, all right. If you'd like us to. Thanks."

"Good. I'll make it now. Perhaps you'd like to be cutting the bread."

"Of course. How many slices for you? One?"

"No, two. You'll have more than one yourself, won't you?"

"Well, really, we weren't thinking of having any. But if you'd like us to keep you company, just one."

"But you can eat more than one slice of bread, the two of you, can't you? It's butter, you know. What about Angela?"

"Two slices, please."

"That's better. Then you must make yourself some sandwiches."

"Sandwiches?"

"Cucumber sandwiches."

"No sandwiches, thanks."

"But cucumber was always such a favourite of yours."

"I know."

"Have you gone off it?"

"No."

"There's plenty of cucumber, you know. Or there are some tomatoes if you'd prefer them."

"No."

"You'd rather have cucumber?"

"Are you going to have any?"

"No, cucumber gives me indigestion. But that's no reason why you shouldn't have some. There's a whole cucumber untouched. You can't say no. I've started cutting it now."

"Well, all right, if you've started cutting it. But nothing else."



"... and so—good night."

"Not an egg?"

"No, honestly."

"What about Angela?"

"It seems she wants one."

"And not for you?"

"I'd really rather not."

"Well, it's rather a disappointing tea. I'd have liked to cook you an egg."

"I know."

"They're English new laid."

"They'd boil."

"I expect they would."

"I'm putting one in for Angela."

"She just had tea before we came. I don't know how she can do it. She'll get fat."

"It wouldn't be any extra trouble to put another one in for you."

"No, really."

"Well, it's too late now. It's in."

"Well, all right, if it's in. I wouldn't care to be responsible for Angela sitting down and eating two."

"Good. And I've just remembered. What do you think I've got in the refrigerator? Ham! I went round to the grocer's on Monday,

and what do you think he had on the counter?"

"Ham."

"That's right. A whole big ham. 'It's quite like old times,' I said to him. 'It would be all right if your son were coming over,' he said. Well, I'm afraid I pretended I was expecting you. So he let me have a whole half pound. And here you are!"

"Yes, here I am."

"Quite a coincidence, wasn't it? I'm afraid I was very naughty, making him think I was expecting you. But you *might* have been coming."

"Yes, I might."

"Oh, and I know what else I've got. A haddock. I'll cook the haddock, and we can get the eggs out of the pan and poach them, and have them on top of the haddock like we used to. And the ham I'll put on the table just as it is. Then if we're still hungry after we've eaten the eggs and the haddock we'll be able to help ourselves to the ham. It'll be just like a real pre-war high tea."

"It sounds wonderful. Angela, I can see, can hardly wait."

SOMNOLENT BIVALVES

OUR attitude to the oyster, except during the split second of rhapsody when we swallow him, is one of an amused benignity not accorded to any other sea-food at all. We do not warm to the crab for instance, to the living lobster; we have no genial fondness for the skate, the mussel, the poulp, no whimsical benevolence whatsoever towards the snook. Whether it is the oyster's "sympathetic unselfishness . . . more beautiful than any religion" which Saki remarks, or that eager childish innocence which the Walrus and the Carpenter basely exploited, or even the passion for peace and quiet in the creature so vividly impressed upon us by the folk-poem beginning "What noise annoys . . ."—whether it is all or any of these that inclines us towards the 'valve is difficult to say. My own opinion is that its known partiality for spending practically all its time in bed is what convinces us basically of its *laissez-faire* nature and pacific intentions; that, and the thoughtless happy ingenuousness evoked by the word "native." My visit to Whitstable, the oyster dormitory-town *par excellence*, did nothing to change this view; and it was noticeable that those most concerned with putting them to bed, getting them up again and washing their faces before sending them off in the morning were markedly imbued with the affable affection that these self-effacing creatures so subtly evoke.

The oyster, however, for all his modest amiability, does not lack enemies. The immigrant American "tingle" bores through his shell and eats him, mussels and limpets preempt his supplies of diatoms, and "large fishes with special crushing teeth" devour him whole. As to his young, his annual million-old brood of beloved little "spat" . . . but let us begin.

The real reason for not eating oysters in the R-less months is that those correspond roughly with the breeding period of the animal. But such is the potency of the slogan that although the season opens officially on August 4, in practice September must arrive



before anyone dares buy or can sell them. During the spawning time lynx-eyed, devoted fellows are watching in the Essex creeks (where the breeding-grounds are) for the moment when the larvæ, each in its little shell, leave the parental home for their ten days of seeing the world before settling down to a steady, indeed a wholly sedentary, existence. Masses of oyster-shell have been cleaned and bleached ready to afford them something to be sedentary on; and at the precise moment of the "spatfall" this "cultch" is emptied into the sea to provide nice brand-new easy-chairs guaranteed to last for years. What could be better organized? Except that in about two out of three seasons the water temperature has been too low for successful spawning or too low to keep the wandering larvæ alive; that incredible quantities have been eaten by ugly jelly-

fish and beautiful starfish; that strong tides have carried innumerable others on to distant and barren sands and that some or many of the other quite unknown factors of food and environment have been lethally adverse. Some grounds die out entirely and, though others may by chance or artifice be formed, the impression is that the English oyster population is diminished and diminishing—which accounts for the price.

When the oyster is about two inches across and three years old he is evicted from his Essex nursery and taken by smack to Whitstable in Kent to fatten up for two or three more years on the famous "beds." In practice this means that he is shovelled overboard in planned distribution into a piece of sea marked off by floating beacons and about six feet deep at low water and several acres big, and left there for



a nice lie-down until he is called. These particular pieces of sea, or rather of sea-bottom, are to my astonishment—and I imagine yours—private property, either freehold or leased from the Crown. How it is possible to own a bit of the bottom of the sea defeats my citizen knowledge; but there you are, it is, and has been from King Stephen's time at the least. There are of course also public (if not nationalized) beds—"Common Ground"—both near Whitstable and in the deep North Sea; but over-fishing, or natural degeneration, or transport costs have made these hardly worth the culling.

Such, then, are the celebrated "beds"; with just that right mixture of sea-sand and London clay, just that degree of temperature (sometimes), just that salinity and chemical constituent of the water, just that amount of plankton and alga—and just that "x," that *je-ne-sais-quoi*, that little something that research has been unable to assess which produces—I have Whitstable authority for saying so—the finest oyster in the world. My informant, who had been sixty years, boy and boy, in oyster "farming," said that there might, *might*, be an oyster nearly as good—the American Chesapeake; but of course he had never tasted that. I don't think it could be as good even if he had, or else Sallust, who in 50 B.C. acknow-

ledged British supremacy in these matters, would have heard about it; or alternatively it would have shared the title of *O. Edulis*, which has so far not been extended to the more recent Continent. The American oyster may be good, but it is not edible in Latin—a marked disadvantage at theatre supper-parties.

On September 1, and daily until April 30, the telephone from near Billingsgate rings and the harsh command "Five thousand!"—or whatever the public appetite exacts—echoes through the luminously clean oyster-choisters of the "— & — Oyster Fishery Co., Ltd." at Whitstable. Immediately the smacks (motor-driven) set out and unerringly fight their way to the beds. At the signal "Ho!" five men, moving as one, swing out the dredges on their warps, and within minutes these dredges are scraping the oysters off the floor to be hauled up to captivity, to sorting (into four grades according to size), to ablation (for forty-eight hours in filtered sea-water), to packing (two hundred and fifty at a time, face upwards in clean little kegs), to dispatch and (within seven days, *please*) to dispatching.

Now for a few answers to correspondents:

(a) No, you will *not* find a pearl in your oyster, ever. The pearl oyster is inedible and vice versa.

(b) Oysters, if they miss the boat (see above), can live for as long as fifteen years. One fossil oyster's shell-rings prove that even twenty years have been attained; but that was in the good old Piltdown days.

(c) Yes, they go on getting bigger and bigger. But after about seven years they get too big for the popular taste—or perhaps swallow.

(d) Of course there are other breeding and fattening grounds than Essex and Kent; notably Cornwall in England, and Brittany in France, and Holland and Portugal and elsewhere—especially Japan.

(e) Seventy or eighty years ago some three thousand men were engaged in the oyster fishery in the Thames Estuary alone and oysters were eight shillings a bushel (I make that about eight a penny and defy correction). To-day—at a wild guess—not more than one tenth of those numbers may be concerned, oysters are few and their prices are what they are. More oysters should mean lower prices, might mean wider demand, but certainly would mean more capital—in an industry decimated by the mysterious massacre of the nineteen-twenties.

(f) Yes. Red pepper and lemon; or lemon and vinegar; or vinegar and red pepper; or all three; or none.

(g) One bite and one only.

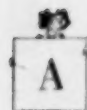
(h) Chablis.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



AT THE PICTURES

Gone to Earth—Bright Leaf



STRANGE, unsatisfactory picture, *Gone to Earth* (Directors: MICHAEL POWELL and EMERIC PRESSBURGER): visually often striking, full of good intentions, and bearing the impress of all kinds of skill, but mixed and heavily, even comically artificial and strained in its effect. Watching this thoroughly open-air story, told with innumerable lush coloured pictures of the Shropshire landscape (always, so far as I recall, sunlit), one gets again and again the feeling that it is really being done on an echoing stage in green limelight. One reason for this is no doubt the part played by DAVID FARRAR, who has been saddled with so many of the trappings and characteristics of an old-fashioned villain of stage melodrama that there isn't much he can do without suggesting one. But there are plenty of other reasons: the lavish, elaborate, richly over-emphasized Technicolor radiance of the production only serves to show up the contrived and self-conscious simplicity of the underlying narrative. These are hard words to use of a respected novel by MARY WEBB;

perhaps it is best to assume that even if the film sticks to the essentials of her story, it gives an entirely false impression of its mood. JENNIFER JONES appears as the child of nature—ominously described in the synopsis as “wild, innocent and unheeding of her beauty”—with the pet fox cub, to which she is, in the manner of such heroines, “akin.” CYRIL CUSACK does his best with the thin, unrewarding part of the Baptist minister who marries her in the vain hope that he can wean her from the clutches of the villain. As usual in the film of a novel, there are platoons of minor characters who would probably be interesting enough in print but on the screen make rather a dim impression. One must admit that the piece has a highly distinctive flavour, and it tries very hard to be a powerful work of art; but it is intrinsically artificial and pretentious.

Bright Leaf (Director: MICHAEL CURTIZ) is the kind of picture that can be enjoyed on two levels. Most people, I know, like to “lose themselves” in a story, to sympathize with or identify themselves with the characters, or one of them; fewer can be entertained and amused as mere spectators, unworried if their emotions are not engaged so long as they are never bored. A picture can be pleasing enough to either of these factions without being up to much in real merit, and *Bright Leaf* is, in fact, little more than efficient, skilfully made hokum. I didn't notice whether the credit titles said that it was adapted from a novel, but it is exactly the sort of film that might have been: there is about it the atmosphere of one of those big heavy period novels, full of elemental passions and local colour, that come over here with a blurb proclaiming that they have sold half a million copies in the U.S. The period is the late 'nineties, the theme (apart from those elemental passions) is tobacco: Brant Royle (GARY COOPER) makes himself rich, with the help of

a cigarette-machine, mainly for the sake of ruining Major Singleton (DONALD CRISP), who sticks to making cigars. Decoration includes PATRICIA NEAL as the Major's beautiful, poisonous daughter, LAUREN BACALL as a flashy lady with a heart of gold, JACK CARSON as comic relief in the shape of a travelling medicine-man who finds his niche in sales organization, and entertaining details of life in a Southern tobacco town in the old days. “Bright Leaf,” by the way, is the name of some cigarettes.

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Among the new ones announced for London there are some that look promising, but the best of those I am sure about is *Seven Days to Noon* (27/9/50).

Of the releases, the most noteworthy is *Odette* (21/6/50): not a good film, but one everybody will expect you to have seen. Earlier ones to note are *Trio* (16/8/50), three Somerset Maugham stories, and *Fancy Pants* (23/8/50), Bob Hope slapstick; both enjoyable.

RICHARD MALLETT



[*Bright Leaf*]
Since When I've Used No Other
Sonia Kene—LAUREN BACALL



[*Gone to Earth*]
Love Me, Love My Fox
Helen Woolfus—JENNIFER JONES

MY FESTIVAL PLAN FOR LONDON

NEXT year tens of thousands of Americans will be coming to London for the Festival of Britain. We don't want their bleached bones to be found lying in the streets because they have got lost searching for this or that point of interest. There must be a tidying up of the London street plan.

At home Americans are used to streets and avenues cutting each other at right angles and all neatly numbered. I am not suggesting that anything fantastic like that should be done to London. There isn't time. I merely suggest redeployment of existing street name-plates.

Most Londoners could direct an American to Birdcage Walk; few could direct one to Bird-in-Bush Road or to Bird-in-Hand Lane. Under my scheme the name-plates of these two streets would be withdrawn from S.E.15 and Bromley respectively; they would then be redeployed on turnings off Birdcage Walk with Robin Grove, Raven Row, Swan Mead, Swallow Street and the rest of London's avian communities grouped round. Anyone wanting a street with a bird in its name will only have to be directed to Birdcage Walk and he will find the rest easy.

Adam and Eve Mews, Eden Close, Angel Walk and Amen Corner will find their natural focus in St. Paul's Cathedral. The offices of the Royal Horticultural Society in Westminster will brood over Daffodil Street, Lily Road, Rose Gardens and all flowers and flowering trees from Jasmine Grove to Juniper Street. The Mint will be fittingly set in Penny Fields, All-farthing Lane, Crown Court and Sovereign Mews.

Dancing in the parks, concerts on the South Bank, radar contact with the moon, and similar manifestations of the Festival spirit are likely to increase the tempo of courting. A splendid processional route up to Holy Trinity, Brompton, or to St. George's, Hanover Square, should be provided by Poet's Road, Lyric Road, Love Walk and Wedmore Gardens. And for a pleasant

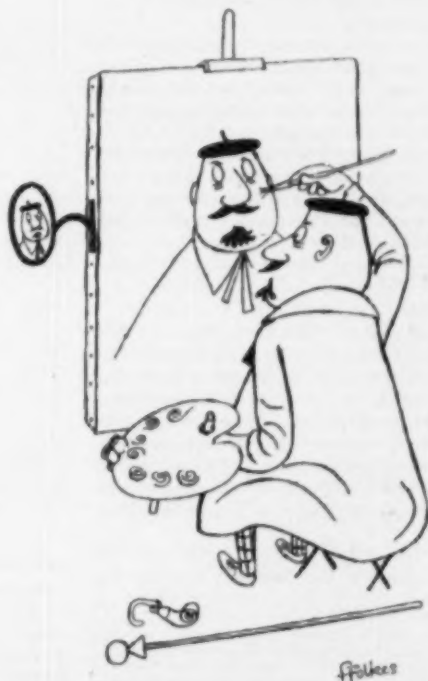
evening stroll the courting couples will perhaps saunter from Sunset Road up Moon Street, Meteor Street, and Star Lane, and thence through Observatory Gardens to view the Festival display of commercial astronomy in Piccadilly Circus.

London's present confused street plan offers no encouragement to serious historical research. And Americans in Europe like a bit of history. Britain has been halting Muscovite aggression for nearly a century; but how will our American visitors get a clear appreciation of this with Florence Nightingale facing into Waterloo Place? She should be made the pivot of Inkerman Road, Balaclava Road and Alma Place. And if Americans have to be confronted by a statue in honour of George III might we not throw them a sop by making this last common king of Britain and

America ride up to the junction of Saratoga Road and Washington Avenue?

The British people are lions when need be, but at heart they are peaceful, tolerant and forgiving. The new approaches to Trafalgar Square will clearly have to be Red Lion Place, Black Lion Lane, White Lion Street and Little White Lion Street. But in recognition of the millennial spirit of Festival and the true nature of the British people my final recommendation is that in the midst of these lions, perhaps right in front of the National Gallery, we should redeploy Lamb Walk from S.E.1.

The scheme cannot be ruled out on grounds of cost. The materials already exist, and the wages of a few skilled street-name-plate fixers can hardly be prohibitive. HH



LIFEMANSHIP

I. INTRODUCTION

MILLIONS of people have formulated the wish, often unexpressed, that the lessons formed from the philosophy of Gamesmanship should be extended to include the simple problems of everyday life.

It has been, indeed, a wonderful surprise to me to find that my little book has sown the seed in so many and, if possible, in such tremendously diverse hearts: that it has been popular both with the extremely young and the extremely old—perhaps more so. And maybe it is true that to-day we stand in need of precisely that kind of formulation, more actual if only because it is less concrete, which finds its expression in the contrastingly manifested *temporal* problems, themselves reflections of a wiser principle which is yet capable of a not less personal approach.

* * *

What Does Lifemanship Mean?

Easy question to pose, difficult to answer in a phrase. A way of life, pervading each thought and conditioning our every action? Yes, but something much more, even though it only exists, as a pervasion, intermittently. "How to live"—yes, but the phrase is too negative. In one of the unpublished notebooks of Rilke* there is an unpublished phrase which might be our text: "... if you're not one up (*Bitzleisch*) you're ... one down (*Rotzleisch*)."

How to be one up—how to make the other man feel that something has gone wrong, however slightly. The Lifeman is never caddish himself, but how simply and certainly, often, he can make the other man feel a cad, and over prolonged periods.

The great principle of Gamesmanship we know. More humbly but not less ardently, if still on the lower rungs of the ladder, comes the Lifeman, pursuing each petty ploy till he, too, has achieved this "state of One Upness," this *Bitzleischatüme*.

* * *

Who is the Lifeman?

"You, me, all of us." That is the answer. But there is another answer, too. It is to be found in the presence and existence of the accredited or practising Lifeman, entitled so to be called. A small band yet a growing one,† we work in half a dozen centres, co-ordinated, of course, from our "H.Q." in Station Road, Yeovil. Every post brings its new crop of notes, reports, postcards of all kinds, and *ana* out of which, cut to the bone, this conspectus of work in progress has been made.

Day by day our centres send out young men, yes and women too, to assess the lifemanship approach for

each district, relatively to the stratum or mode of life incorporated within that district, and suitable to it.

You will find your Lifeman, I hope, genial, encouraging, and, provided you are ready to accept the One Down condition, sometimes apparently genuinely helpful. Yet he is always alert and ready for the slight put-off, the well-timed provocation, which will get the other fellow down.

* * *

Lifemanship Primordials

It is the ordinary, simple everyday things of life, wherein each one of us can, by ploy or gambit, most naturally gain the advantage. When I speak for instance of the Opening Remarks of Gattling-Fenn, I am referring to that great Lifeman Harry Gattling-Fenn and his opening remarks.

With his ready amile and friendly face, his hair



OUR FOUNDER

(In the background, Station Road, Yeovil)

artificially tousled, his informal habit of wearing a well-cut old tie round his waist instead of braces, and his general air of geniality, Gattling seemed permanently in the off-guard position. It was only by his opening remarks, his power of creating a sense of dis-ease, that one realized, as one used to say of him, that Gattling was *always* in play.

* Dealt with later under "O.K.-names."

† According to Hulton Research, the number of Lifemen who drink tea but never buy fireworks is 79 (correct for income-group B up to June 1946). The figure for those who are interested in soap substitutes and have not yet been to Portugal is, however, 385.

To a young person, for instance, who came to visit him he would say, genially of course, "Sit you down." Why was this putting off? Was it the tone? Then, if the young man nervously took out a cigarette, he would say "Well, if you're smoking, I will."

He would say "You want a wash, I expect," in a



"A little club at Haywards Heath." The curious may be interested to know that the northern side of the room (right-hand window) was "committee corner," with table and chairs. The left side, scene of the original "incident," was kept clear for general talk and friendly argle-bargle.

way which suggested that he had spotted two dirty finger-nails. To people on the verge of middle age he would say "You're looking very fit and young." To a definitely older man, of his still older wife, he would comment that he was glad that she "was still moving very briskly about."

In conversation he would lead people to tell stories against their friends and then, when his turn came to speak, he would say (speaking as always from the point of view of the good-natured man), that he "wished B. was here" because he "never told stories behind people's backs."

Thus a "lifeman's wicket" was prepared—i.e., a sense of distrust, uncertainty and broken flow, and Gattling would be in a position to prepare some more paralysing thrust.

* * *

"A little club at Haywards Heath"

It was four years ago that I first saw Gattling in action. It was at Haywards Heath, I remember, at a sort of social club we had formed, a get-together of people back from Burma, where I, in fact, had never actually been.

The atmosphere was meant to be one of jolly

reminiscence. We were drawn together by a mutual interest in Gamesmanship, and a curiosity about the genuineness of each other's war records. "Lifemanship," as a word, had not then been invented. The atmosphere was pleasant, easy—apparently invincibly so. How well I shall always remember the quietness, the deftness of touch, with which Gattling dried us all up.

There was one ploy of Gattling's which I found particularly effective and I believe it must have been about this time that I first murmured to myself the word "Lifemanship."⁹

Some of us, though not in fact me, had had some pretty hair-raising experiences on active service; whereas the most dangerous thing that had happened to Gattling, I knew to my certain knowledge, was fire-watching outside Sale, two miles beyond the raiding area of Manchester. Without actually lying, Gattling was able to tell the story of this totally uninteresting event, in the presence of three submariners and a man who had been twice captured by and had twice escaped from the Japanese, and to tell it in such a way that these people began apologizing for their relatively comfortable war. "My God," said Commander Wright, "I never realized it was like that."

"I stamped out the flaming stuff with my foot," said Gattling. Some cinder from a distant small incendiary had, by a stroke of luck, landed in his garden. "It wasn't a question of feeling frightened, I just found myself doing it. It was as if somebody else was acting in my person."

He had eventually buried the cinder with a small trowel.

"It was as if I was in a dream," said Gattling.

For all my admiration, I really couldn't let Gattling get away with this. "While Mostyn, here, was raiding St. Nazaire," I said . . .

"Oh, my God, don't I know it," said Gattling. "Those chaps were risking their life not only every day, but every hour of the day and night. That's why one longed to be doing, doing, doing something. To make some contribution. And that is why I was glad, that day at Sale . . ." And so on, for another three or four minutes. I got angrier than ever. But I must say I mentally took off my hat to Gattling, not because he probably did less, during the last war, than anybody I met or could even imagine,† but because the mere fact that I was getting angry made me realize that here, in Gattling, was our little science of Gamesmanship bearing new fruit. A new colony had been added to Gamesmanship's Empire.

STEPHEN POTTER

(To be continued)

⁹ It was certainly not later than November 1947.

† Gattling had more than one way of suggesting that he had been "rather in the thick of things" during the war. For wear in the Sale Home Guard he managed to fiddle a tropical bush shirt. When he began to wear this over corduroy trousers while playing croquet in peacetime, it was noted that the shoulder straps were scored with the markings of the removed insignia of a brigadier, and there was an unfaded portion on the left breast which looked like the tracery of four rows of medals.

THE TEE'D BALL

"BECAUSE the Government threatens to declare them illegal, racing tipsters in Japan have decided to change their designation to 'Racehorse Researcher' and to form a protective professional body to be known as The Honourable, Democratic and Peace-loving Union of All-Japan Racehorse Researchers."

As the weeks pass since the publication of the above clipping from the *Sunday Times* I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that it would be a mistake to attempt an article on the theme so enticingly offered. It is not easy to explain my reasons for this decision. On the surface the news item in question looks like a gift from the gods; nor can I raise any logical objection to exploiting it for the benefit of an enlightened and discriminating public. But in the murky depths of my subconscious there stirs an irrational feeling that the gift horse has a hollow stomach, that the story is too much *ben trovato*, and that for the present writer to have anything to do with

horse-racing, at however far a remove, must ultimately involve him in financial loss.

It cannot be denied that the temptation is strong, especially when, reading farther, one finds that the principal sporting newspaper of Tokio is entitled *Sincere Advice On Current Racehorse Performances*. When Mr. David Balfour (sometime cabin-boy aboard the brig *Covenant*, but later Laird of Shaws) was standing high in the favour of Lord Advocate Grant and seemed to have the choice of several lucrative careers open to him the young lawyers of Edinburgh, borrowing an expression from the golfing green, called him (behind his back) "the tee'd ball." Stevenson explains in a footnote that this means "a ball placed on a little mound for convenience of striking," and so far as my own recollections go I can confirm that this is substantially a correct description. *Sincere Advice On Current Racehorse Performances* sits on its little mound (or, in these degenerate days, its little

peg of moulded synthetic resin) begging to be dispatched far and sure down the fairway. Its editor, one Mr. Inogaya, speaks of "the Government's vicious Fascist move to abolish our livelihood and perhaps force us into other and less desirable forms of employment." Its detractors, hiding behind the designation of "a Government spokesman," aver that at least two Japanese cabinet ministers have lost heavily through following its lying and misleading propaganda. It is as though, having teed the ball, Mephistopheles in the guise of a caddy (now that I think of it, I have known one or two caddies—mostly hired by my opponent—whose malign influence struck me at the time as deriving from sources more than human) were handing me a driver and shading his eyes to gaze, with simulated confidence, in the direction of the distant green.

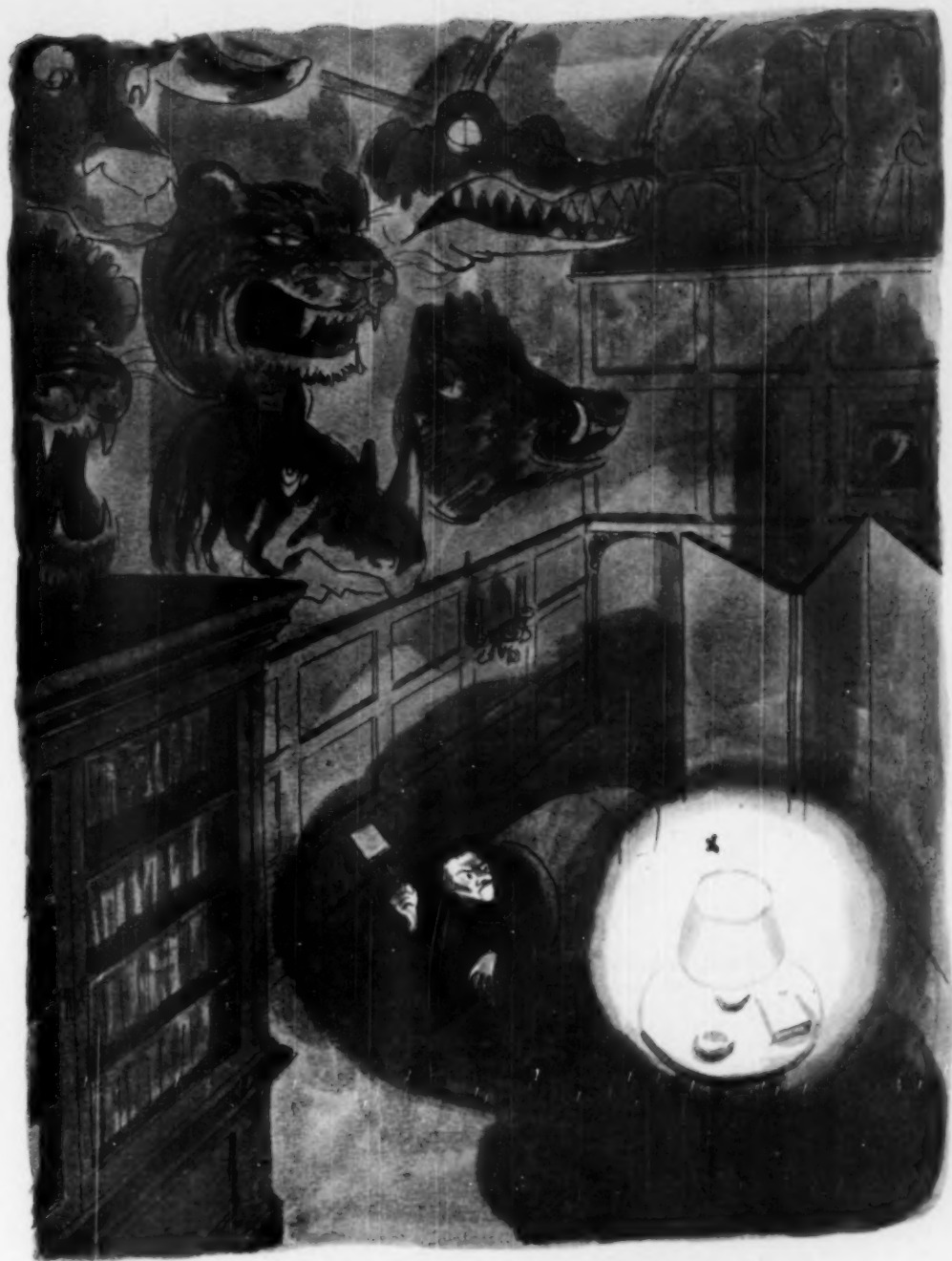
Perhaps after all a few airy trivialities about the democratic, peace-loving gentleman who gave me four certain winners at Gosforth Park last August Bank Holiday in return for the ridiculous sum of two and sixpence—with possibly a glance at the question whether the word "current," in either of its meanings, could justly have been applied to any of those four animals—or a little fanciful speculation on those unlucky evenings at Wembley Stadium that led Sir Stafford Cripps to double the tax on greyhound totalisators...

No. I won't do it. There is no credit to be got out of shooting a sitting pheasant at point-blank range with a large-calibre bazooka. It may be that this self-imposed prohibition will drive me into other and less desirable forms of employment, but that cannot be helped. As far as I am concerned the Japanese Government will have to settle the problem of their racehorse researchers in their own way. The only advice I can give them—and this is absolutely sincere—is to refrain from putting the whole of their invisible exports on Honourable Stone-cold Certainty in the Hakodate November Handicap.

G. D. R. DAVIES



" Cette sauce de haute qualité est un mélange de fruits orientaux, d'épices et de vinaigre de malt pur. Elle est absolument pure et ne contient aucune matière colorante, ni..."





"I'm sure I could convince you that oil-painting has some very real advantages over water-colour."

AND THANK YOU VERY MUCH

THERE is a general idea that we women don't know how to tip. Nor do we. We understand that even for men tipping is one of life's problems, but we can't believe that they get the same wuzzy feeling about a porter who has carried x suitcases y yards after waiting z minutes at the barrier and is now loading them round the luggage rack as if we owned the compartment. A man would just give him a shilling, or maybe two. So do we; but the compressed algebra, the consciousness of a shaky grasp of industrial conditions, the purse with the latchkey in the front section jamming the money in the middle section, and the beautiful smile which is meant either to count as an extra sixpence or, if a shilling is an extra sixpence, knock it off—all this is, I think, peculiar to women.

Certainly the purse and the smile are. Men rattle their pockets and look very slightly feudal.

What I have said about porters goes, with obvious modifications, for taxi-drivers. One of the modifications is that, for all we know, men do not play for time by saying eagerly "What is it on the clock? Oh, yes, *I see*" or run for their lives after adding a threepenny-bit to the shilling. The recent increase in minimum taxi-fares has hit us women hard by bringing our intentions into the open. There is something horribly deliberate about a separate threepence, particularly if twopence of it is in halfpennies, and we wouldn't be surprised if men finished a hundred-yard journey by slapping a half-crown into the driver's hand. That's another thing we never do, slap money into his hand;

we pour it, and the sixpence rolls into the gear-box. Actually this is all part of the racket, giving us more chance of showing off that feckless charm which is the keynote of our dealings with taxis. We are not above opening the door after we've shut it and looking round for the gloves we are holding, though we couldn't tell you exactly what this has to do with not knowing what to add on to four-and-threepence.

With window-cleaners we come to a very different proposition. The tipping of window-cleaners is exclusively a woman's job, and the wonder is that they get paid, let alone tipped, because they always turn up when we least expect them: on the same day of every month. Hence the "Goodness! Is it already!" with which all window-cleaners working a representative cross-section of humanity must be familiar; hence, also, the chief reason why you can label a cocoa-tin "Telephone Money" and have nothing to show for it when the bill comes in. But these are mere circumstances. They don't affect the system we work on, which is that we convey by the way we hand the money over that the extra amount embedded in it is the outcome of our principles and anyway they must get less from some customers because it takes all sorts to make a world. I can't define quite *how* we convey all this, but I think when we have handed the money over we fold our arms and, if it is not a very hot day, shiver briakly; and we always say "Well, I'll see you next month," to let him know that it is regular custom that matters.

By the way, we women believe that one economizes by using up coppers. "Sorry it looks like that" means the window-cleaner has in his handful twopence more than we would have given him if we had had another sixpence and used a threepenny bit instead. I'm not saying we don't know the value of money. We are perfectly aware that there is nothing to choose between two sixpences and one shilling, unless you have a slot-meter for gas.

I bet men don't go through what we do at the

hairdresser's. *They* never spend so much on having their hair permanently waved that they have to write a cheque, and find that with the coffee and the special shampoo it works out at so nearly a round number of pounds that any crafty scheme for throwing in the odd nine bob as a tip must be abandoned. This is one of the worst moments of our tipping experience, hovering with our pen over the cheque-book waiting for guidance from heaven. For ordinary hairdressing tips we plank down the same as last time and make for the door so that we shan't see their faces. It's not that we haven't planked down enough, it's the idea of seeing the girl take the money from the girl we gave it to. I should say hairdressers do pretty well by us, because we never think they're getting enough unless they get what we think is too much.

When a man comes to the door with a van from which he lugs a piece of furniture wrapped in sacking women tippers realize that in ten minutes they must think fast. Of course if it's only a chair or a play-pen that he can dump inside the door with one hand payment is easy and nominal, merely something on the sixpence that you always owe on these transactions. But when two men lug a cupboard upstairs we get an awful feeling that no money can repay them for having got stuck at the bend and being nice to the baby while we make the tea. I expect they realize that the tea is meant to cover the margin of doubt, which would make it a shilling a head. Still, they do get cake and cigarettes thrown in, and a bit of television. With all this, and the welcome they receive for having brought the furniture we didn't expect so soon, furniture-bringers should have no complaints; and I do hope they realize that the mutters from the sitting-room are us telling a visitor that we ought to pay them more than *that*.

I need say nothing about dainty tea-rooms, except that once there was an untippable class of waitress who by telepathy has died out.

ANDE

BACK ROOM JOYS

LONG-DISTANCE CALLS

OUR appreciation of wireless

Is by no means tireless;

Television is new

Only the first few times we "view";

But what never palls

Is our wonder at long-distance calls—

"Her voice was absolutely as clear . . ."

"Honestly, it sounded as near . . ."

As if it were the next room or house or town—

Instead of Bombay or Rome or County Down.

Over those miles of land, especially under all that water

It was our daughter;

We could almost see her there with the phone in her hand.

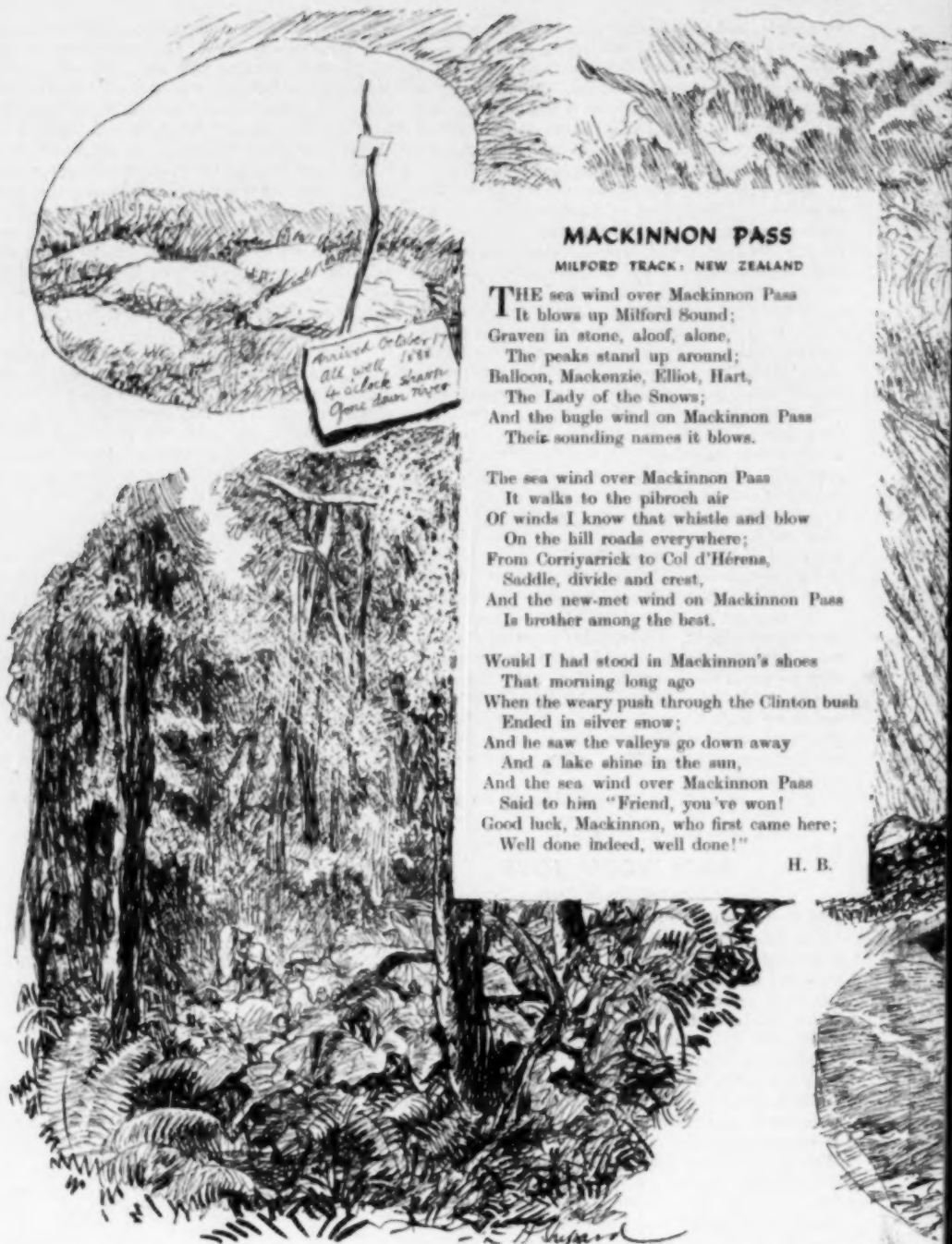
And though of course we understand

That it's no greater scientific feat

Than talking to someone just down the street,

We still tell everyone we meet. JUSTIN RICHARDSON





MACKINNON PASS

MILFORD TRACK: NEW ZEALAND

THE sea wind over Mackinnon Pass
It blows up Milford Sound;
Graven in stone, aloof, alone,
The peaks stand up around;
Ballcon, Mackenzie, Elliot, Hart,
The Lady of the Snows;
And the bugle wind on Mackinnon Pass
Their sounding names it blows.

The sea wind over Mackinnon Pass
It walks to the pibroch air
Of winds I know that whistle and blow
On the hill roads everywhere;
From Corriyarriek to Col d'Hérens,
Saddle, divide and crest,
And the new-met wind on Mackinnon Pass
Is brother among the best.

Would I had stood in Mackinnon's shoes
That morning long ago
When the weary push through the Clinton bush
Ended in silver snow;
And he saw the valleys go down away
And a lake shine in the sun,
And the sea wind over Mackinnon Pass
Said to him "Friend, you've won!
Good luck, Mackinnon, who first came here;
Well done indeed, well done!"

H. B.



AN INDUSTRIAL JOURNEY

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS



"AND here," said my guide, "the pre-fabricated components are brought together for assembly."

"You mean—" I said.

"I mean that our chain of operations is now complete. In a few moments the finished products will begin to cascade into their containers. Look!"

I saw laminated sheets of material enter a chattering machine. An operative pulled a lever and a stream of liquorice allsorts shot from some aperture in the mechanism.

"Try one," said my guide.

It was a five-ply cube of liquorice and pink cream paste. It was delicious.

"In actual fact," I said, "there's no such thing as an allsort, is there? It doesn't make sense."

"We call that particular model the 'sandwich,'" he said, "but if you feel at all uneasy about the singular you are at liberty to try the plural."

I thanked him and took another sandwich.

Then we called on the other members of the allsorts family—the "cream pipes" (liquorice tubes stuffed with paste), the "seals" (liquorice logs coated with coconut), the "solids" (liquorice rods) and the "nonpareils" or "hundreds and thousands" which are bits of gelatinous material peppered with coloured pellets of sugar. Nonpareils,

I believe, are the *élite* of the allsorts world, yet I do not greatly care for them. Indeed, my reputation as a devoted and magnanimous parent is based very largely on the speed with which I relinquish my claim to the next nonpareil in favour of the

and yellow fat—to make quite certain that they were in fact granulated sugar and New Zealand butter. In the boiling-room the ingredients of a batch of fruit lollies were being weighed and placed in gas-fired coppers, and I was able to reassure



junior members of the household. The truth is that I find "hundreds and thousands" rather gritty. But sandwiches and seals! Wonderful!

Allsorts apart, I suppose I am what you would call a boiled-sweets man. The lasting qualities of a good fruit drop are in complete harmony with my concept of national economic strategy. An acid drop, unlike a toffee, can be made to fit snugly inside the cheek without any tell-tale bulge. In this position it is no barrier to precise diction, while its rate of dissolution is as sluggish as possible. It is true that boiled sweets tend to betray their bearings by their characteristic odour, but this can usually be reduced to an undetectable minimum by careful control of the breathing apparatus.

The output of fruit drops at a well-known Clapham manufactory suffered a sharp decline the other day when I called to take stock of the sweets situation. Call me overzealous if you like, but it seemed to me that my investigation would be incomplete and my report without authenticity if I failed to sample the products of this old business at every stage of production and every opportunity.

I began my labours in the stock-room where I tasted white crystals

myself that their journey from the stock-room had caused no deterioration in quality. Certainly I allowed the boiling sugar (with a little cream of tartar and colouring matter) to cool down a little from its 320 degrees Fahrenheit before I made my next assay, but the stuff was under my eyes the whole time.

The liquid sugar was then poured from the coppers over greased steel trays, where it settled into transparent viscous sheets. These were immediately set upon by a team of female all-in wrestlers. For a time the batch took an awful beating: it was pummelled, bludgeoned, doubled up, twisted and tied in knots. During the breaks between rounds fresh fruit juice was dashed into its face until it revived. Then the gloved hands of the Amazons resumed their hard pounding. And yet not once throughout this long ordeal did the batch lose its delightful flavour.



"You see," said my guide, "it's all quite simple: this is just as mother makes toffee—that is, as she used to make it."

I examined the Torquemadas with a milder eye and immediately became aware of their charms.

Then to the rack and the guillotine. The hot, glassy mass of sugar was quickly reduced to an endless rod by a succession of grooved and tapering rollers; and then the rod went through the mill until it had been converted into satin-smooth fruit-drops, stamped and neatly wrapped at a rate of one hundred and fifty a minute.

I unwrapped several of them—to test the wrapping.

Like most people with a sweet tooth I now prefer my fruit-drops wrapped, though I am prepared to admit that unwrapped sweets in glass jars behind frosty shop-windows make one's mouth water.

The trouble with unwrapped sweets is that they tend to fuse and coagulate into an amorphous solid accretion with a marked sales-resistance. Such sweets can be broken up for retail purposes only by strong-arm tactics with a metal skewer or poker. The jar is held firmly under the left arm and the skewer is thrust against

the rocky aggregate in a short-arm jab. The degree of penetration is usually improved by a deft turn of the wrist at the moment of impact.

In time—time enough for the waiting customer to develop an acute sugar deficiency—the mass begins to yield, and soon the top spit of detritus can be removed and placed on the brass scales. The jar is now returned to the shelf and the slow business of subsidence and coagulation is resumed. Well, that is how I remember it. In these days of rationing when, as one expert confectioner put it, "sweets have absolutely no shelf-life," I very much doubt whether it is ever necessary to use an ice-pick on the glacé mints—even in the remotest village stores.

From personal experience, from the number of gimlet-eyed chemists

I encountered at Clapham, and from the numerous cries for help appearing in the correspondence columns of the trade magazine *Confectionery Production* I gather that the sweets business is somewhat tricky. Once, some thirty years ago, my sister and I manufactured an illicit still of nut-milk chocolate. We placed the mixture under a dresser to cool and harden, and we visited it every day for weeks until its persisting liquidity became disgusting. What hurt was that we had bought the nuts ourselves.

The slightest deviation from the appropriate boiling temperature of a batch of sugar means trouble—and sweets that are cloudy, gritty or tacky; the slightest impurity in the raw materials or an excess of moisture in the atmosphere of the factory can play havoc with a mint imperial, a humbug or a sugared almond. At times manufacturers are driven to despair by "anisced balls losing colour," "cherry centres spurting," by gooey fondant, friable fudge, soggy sherbet, cloudy gums and sticky jelly babies.

Occasionally, however, there are lucky breaks in the industry. "Stick-jaw" (remember it!) began with a batch of toffee that had been taken from the fire "too low," as we confectioners would say. At first the retailers complained; and then, as the queues of small boys lengthened, they asked for more and more, and made the manufacturer's fortune. "Liqueurs" were evolved, I believe, from a similar fluke.

Before I left Clapham I was given a vivid and precise account of the manufacture of lettered rock (the holiday season being over, production was temporarily in abeyance). What happens is that the stuff is made up in huge rolls—as stout as tree trunks—which are pulled or rolled out (I forget which) to the required thickness or thinness. The type therefore can be easily set up in great banner headlines. But you knew all this, didn't you? What you didn't know, perhaps, is that some of the lettered rock manufacturers' biggest headaches are caused by orders from certain towns in Wales.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"Next, please."

EPIDEMIC

"I'VE had a minute from D.D.H. Establishments," said Mr. Caxdel, nervously tucking back a frayed wisp of his highly-starched collar—"headed 'Personnel, Injuries to.'"

Mr. Wooneyham clicked his tongue. "Not surprised," he said. "Hodge with a sprained ankle, Porter's kneecap and young Bloomer's torn ligament. And all before we've been in the building a week, Sir," he added. Mr. Wooneyham's long delayed promotion to Higher Clerical Officer made him withhold the courtesies as far as possible.

"You'd better look at the stairs again," said Mr. Caxdel.

"Again?"

"That's what I said. All these casualties seem to have occurred at the bottom of our flight of stairs. They all fall on the first-floor landing. We may have to approach Premises H21Ke."

"Ought to have a lift," said Wooneyham. "That would put a stop to it."

Mr. Caxdel coughed and rearranged some papers on his trestle table. "You'd better put it up to the minister," he said acidly.

Mr. Wooneyham might have come back with something bitter, but at that moment the door burst open and Miss Chamfer announced with barely suppressed elation that

Mr. Cobb-Tallow had just fallen down on the first-floor landing. "He's torn his trousers," she trilled. "He's bleeding. Am I to send out for another bandage, Mr. Caxdel?"

Mr. Caxdel got up and walked round his table, a wave of pink indignation spreading forward from the ears. He picked up a hollow glass paperweight and put it down again, watching the fragments of paper snow settle on the imprisoned Father Christmas inside. It had been a present from the department's staff last year, and the reflection softened him.

"All right, Miss Chamfer, thank you. You'd better send him home."

The girl fussed out and he threw up his hands in a quite unsuitably theatrical gesture. "We're going to have no staff at all at this rate," he said, fixing Mr. Wooneyham with a sharp, accusing eye.

"Don't look at me," Wooneyham tittered suddenly. "I haven't fallen downstairs. Sir."

Mr. Caxdel sat down and stood the Father Christmas on its head.

"It's a funny thing," he said presently. "If there's anything the matter with the stairs why don't the girls fall down? Their shoes are nothing but a heel and a strap. Have any of the girls fallen down?"

Wooneyham shook his head. "Just the junior male staff, it seems to be. Hodge, Bloomer, Porter—twice, Porter—and now—"

There was a scream from the outer office. Wooneyham, who had edged to the door preparing to make his escape, opened it. Miss Chamfer, an unrolled bandage trailing, was supporting young Mr. Dilly, the junior, with the Misses Gumm and Fitwell dancing helpfully around.

"Dilly!" roared Mr. Caxdel, crossing the room at a bound. "What the deuce do you think you're playing at?"

"Ricked his knee," volunteered Miss Chamfer gaily. "Fell down the stairs. First-floor landing, it was. Going to the post office."

Mr. Caxdel wrenched at his collar.

"Tell me exactly what happened," he said, "because this is getting serious. Sapping the strength

of the department. I don't understand it. The girls don't fall downstairs. Mr. Wooneyham doesn't fall downstairs. I certainly don't, I insist on a full report."

"We slipped," said Mr. Cobb-Tallow, who was propped in a corner with his trouser-leg rolled up.

"I'm not talking to you," snapped Mr. Caxdel. "Dilly!"

"I slipped, sir."

Mr. Caxdel regarded him with hatred.

"Mr. Wooneyham," he rasped, "go down to P.P.A./24d; they occupy the first floor. My compliments to Mr. Tuckett, and have any of his staff fallen downstairs!"

He went back into his room, slammed the door and leant against it, breathing hard. The whole business was incomprehensible. It was—Then he stopped breathing. *Sabotage!* He must look at the stairs himself. The staff, seeing his grim pallor, fell back respectfully as he swept through.

He went down the flight trying to make his feet slip. They wouldn't. Nearly at the bottom he was looking down at the square, dusty innocence of the fateful landing, trying to wring its secret from it, when he became aware that he was being watched from a window in the angle of the building; he could just see one beautiful brown eye and a cloud of brown hair. One of the P.P.A./24d typists. Standing on tip-toe a little he could just see the carriage of her machine. She seemed to be wearing a blue corduroy dress, rather becoming. He gripped the metal banister and allowed himself to swing out at arm's length until the girl's other eye, just as beautiful, came into view; her nose was short and straight, and her teeth, as she suddenly smiled and lifted a slender brown hand in greeting, were—

Mr. Wooneyham, emerging a second later from the P.P.A./24d swing doors with nothing to report, only paused a second when he saw his chief lying on the landing holding his shin and moaning. Then he stepped over him and went on up the stairs. He had not been thirty years a Civil Servant without learning when to keep his mouth shut.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

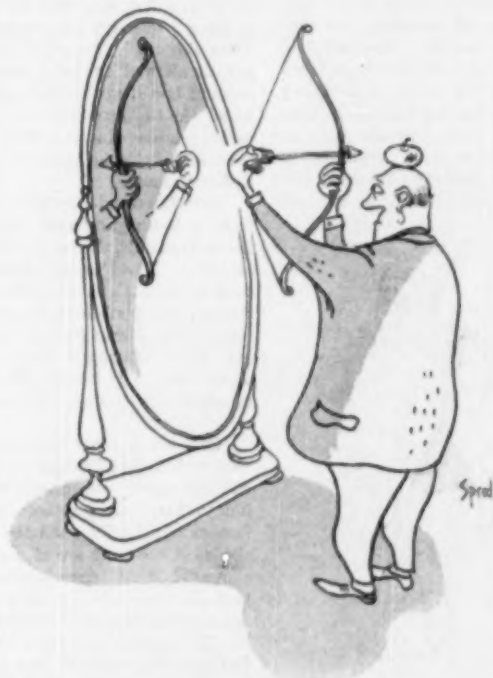
!NIGHTMARE SETTER'S TYPE

WE're told to read—to rest our eyes—

Contrarywise lines alternate
For prose the scheme is worth one's praise,
Raise dilemmas unforeseen but
My doubts where poetry is concerned,
Turned are lines when rhyme should what for
The last word or the first! And can
!Scan its reverse line backwards each
I've tried one way—it's only fair
Compare and other the try to

You will, although you backwards read,
this scan to forwards look to need
And forwards only will it rhyme.
Preferred are ways which tell will time
We'd rather these than always see
Before used always method the

So let's make writing poems brighter—
Typewriter "ways-both-work" a invent
We'll be the first to try the stunt
Front to back poetry writing of



AT THE PLAY

The Mask and the Face (THE ARTS)

L'Enfant Prodigue
(THE MERCURY)



A Maschera e il Volto," written by LUIGI CHIARELLI in 1916, was important in the history of Italian drama because it crystallized the "teatro del grottesco," a form of sardonic extravaganza exposing the futility of human pretences.

The plot is brilliantly simple. A count, dedicated to the antique code of chivalry, sends his wife packing on account of a mild flirtation and, putting out that he has killed her, stands his trial for murder. On acquittal he is treated like a film star, and it seems that by his bold act he has inaugurated in his complaisant circle a new era of morality. Part of his wife's dress is discovered, however, in the lake, and to the mock funeral he is obliged to stage she insists on returning, in the deepest mourning. Reminded of how much he loves her, he is faced with the fearful choice of losing her again or of making himself the butt of all Italy. Naturally, she remains.

The ironies here, expressed in situation rather than in verbal wit, are magnificent, but to be sustained



L'Enfant Prodigue

Sowing Wild Oats

Young Pierrot—Miss YOMA SASBURGH



The Mask and the Face

Reaping Reward

Savina Grazia—Miss PATRICIA JESSEL; Luigi Bughi—Mr. WOLFE MORRIS
Count Mario Grazia—Mr. HUGH MILLER; Ugo Praga—Mr. ERIC BERRY
Pier Zanotti—Mr. HUGH PRYSE

they require lighter treatment than they are given. The production is too realistic. Where the note of an early René Clair is needed we might at times be seeing a Latin version of "Our Betters." Yet although the jest is allowed to wear thin the evening is still worth-while, and to watch the town councillor furtively eating a sausage in the funeral press is to share both the sausage and his embarrassment.

More fun could have been drawn from a less rigid Count than Mr. HUGH MILLER's, though a good deal emerges. Miss PATRICIA JESSEL is nearest the mark as the cause of the trouble—her performance is delightful; and Mr. HUGH PRYSE's dotard, Mr. ERIC BERRY's umbrageous Judge and Mr. WOLFE MORRIS's rapscallion Mayor are all diverting.

Still indomitably European, we went to *L'Enfant Prodigue*, and were on the whole enchanted by it; indeed, there are moments in this famous mime play when the finest shades of meaning are so perfectly conveyed that one wonders if dialogue can have the importance dramatists commonly attribute to it. By the end, however, I had the feeling, a little guiltily, that though charmed, touched and frequently amused, I had had at least enough. Perhaps one act, even of such good

mime as this, would have left one hungrier for more.

First produced in 1890, it was written by MICHAEL CARRÉ fils and is beautifully pointed by ANDRÉ WORMSER's music. It tells of a son's theft from his honest father for a flutter with a laundymaid, of his disillusionment and of his crest-fallen return to heartbroken parents. So graphic is the acting that *Pierrot's* father, admirably played by Mr. ARCHIE HARRADINE (who also produced), is able to interpret the gossip cream of an evening paper to his wife, and where gesture needs reinforcement the music is extraordinarily expressive. Miss YOMA SASBURGH makes a delicately pathetic *Pierrot*, holding our sympathy, Miss ELAINE WODSON an enviable mother, Miss CELIA FRANCA an artful siren and Mr. DENNIS BARRY a comic ravisher of pantomime. At the piano, most skillfully, is Mr. TOM LISHMAN.

Recommended

Among the veterans are two sound plays not to be passed over: *His Excellency* (Princes), political, with Eric Portman—and *The Holly and the Ivy* (Duchess), domestic, with Herbert Lomas. If you want a corrective gale of marine laughter, *Seagulls over Sorrento* (Apollo).

ERIC KEOWN

FITTER'S REPORT

Re Woopsie Doll Co., Spiral Chute

DELAY in finishing this contract is due to several causes. These are chiefly other contractors putting in other equipment, combined with the factory working at full pressure to meet export demands for its dolls. The factory's drawback is shortage of floor space, which became even more acute when we had bored the holes in the various floors to take the chute. The contractors who were putting in the conveyer belts were also working to a time-table of their own, which bore no reference to ours. Consequently we had a rain of little dolls dropping down on us while we were trying to get the centre post in position. This meant erecting temporary diverters at the feed points, but production was going on so fast that the workers were soon buried under the fruits of their labours, and by the time we had the chute in position we had to make another innovation not in the contract. This was a kind of excavator to free the workers. Then came a switch to extra-large cloth dolls, and before we had got the chute fixed round the centre pole the big dolls overbalanced over the diverters and caused our erectors even more annoyance than the little ones.

Stitching machines had been hastily installed for the cloth dolls, and in such proximity to the chute that several erectors got dolls stitched to their overalls and one came right down the chute from the top floor and was passed right through the wig-fixing apparatus, then through the label gluer and finally covered with kapok stuffing. We have at last straightened things out, however, and made the spiral into a straight hollow shaft down which the dolls are dropped by means of small parachutes.

D. SNITCH, Foreman

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"The 50-ton ketch entered harbour under the colours of the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club, but later on hoisted the Barge of the House of Commons Yacht Club."—*Provincial paper*

" — * * * * — ! "

THE SHOOT

HERE the brown ride down-pencils through the wood,
Leaf-crispings crackle under waiting feet,
Here, where for generations men have stood
Listening, while nearer, clearer comes the beat

Of sticks quick-rattling into jagged lines.
Suddenly stillness of the tree-tops flings
Up to the open sky where blueness shines
Palely, a whirring whirling spate of wings.

Shots, spaced, cork-popping in the frosty air,
The keen delight of skill, birds flying high;
Something unchanged in the all-changing, where
Brown wood and wing lift to an English sky.



"Yes."

FIRST FROST

JACK FROST has tried his drypoint
on a plate
not yet prepared for the ice-acid's bite,
yet the design's roughed in;
and he will wait
with the artist's impatient patience
for the right
surface, whereon with his diamond-of-light
engraving-tool one night
he will transfer the idea in his head
to the physical medium,
and so create
a masterpiece.

But meanwhile, here spread
sheet after sheet on field and garden, see
the first proofs:
look how tremulously fine
yet sharply 'crisp his line!
Each coated blade of grass has its delicate
exquisite burr—
and see how every blade,
so surely tooled,
gives tender light, hard shade
to the whole composition.

Each sheet so carefully laid
out overnight to dry, will curl i' the sun
and all the fine work done
in a matter of minutes must evaporate.

Why does he show unfinished work to fools?
He is above such scruples of the schools;
he knows that soon
in beauty absolute of its pure right
to be flattered ev'n by the sovereign sun at noon
he will exhibit to our wondering sight
a finished masterpiece of black-and-white.

R. C. SCRIVEN

A DEFINITE SETBACK

IN our flat there are three pairs of
scissors. There is the big, coarse
pair, useful for digging up potatoes
and of course for taking stones out
of horses' hooves. There is the small
pair which, because of a rivet that
behaves more like a fulcrum than a
pivot, can be used only for prizing
off the lids of tins and cutting fuse
wire. Finally there is the pair which,
if one screws up the screw every four
or five clips, cuts human hair fairly
efficiently.

In the kitchen is a nail specially
erected for the scissors to hang on.
The scissors for taking the stones out
of horses' hooves and for cutting
fuse wire are always there except on
the rare occasions when a fuse needs
mending or a horse with stones in
its hooves wanders into the flat.
The real trouble is the pair of
scissors which cuts human hair
fairly efficiently if one keeps on
screwing up the screw in the middle
every four or five clips. It is never
there when I want to trim my
moustache. It disappears for days
at a time.

Last night it was not there
again.

"Where," I asked, "are the
scissors?"

"Hanging on the nail, I sup-
pose," said Patricia.

"I do not want to cut fuse wires
or take stones out of horses' hooves,"
I said.

"What do you want to do!"



"I want to trim my moustache."
 "Why must you do it now?"
 "It is interfering with my breathing."

"You are always trimming that moustache of yours."

"That would be impossible, as I can never find the scissors."

"Why don't you shave your moustache off?"

"You have not told me where the scissors are."

"Other men's moustaches grow downwards. Half of yours grows upwards."

"Perhaps other men have ready access to a pair of scissors. Where are the scissors?"

"How should I know?"

"They are never on the nail. You put them in a different place every time."

"I haven't put them anywhere. They may be in the drawer."

One of Patricia's most female habits is her method of giving directions.

"Which drawer?" I said, bowing my head and pinching the top of my nose between the thumb and forefinger in order to maintain that iron control so essential to married bliss.

"In the bedroom."

"My sweetheart, precious, pestilential woman, there are ten drawers in the bedroom."

"In the dressing-table."

"There are four drawers in the dressing-table, and my moustache is growing longer every minute."



"I think it may be in the bottom right-hand drawer."

I disappeared into the bedroom and started the search.

"Don't untidy my drawer," called out Patricia.

"If the scissors were on the nail I would not have to go scrabbling round your drawer," I called back.

"Every time you go to my drawer you frivel up my clothes."

"Then why don't you put the scissors on the nail?" I shouted back; for I am not at my best when I am looking for things. I tend to throw other things up into the air and criticize modern civilization. Besides, I can't stand Patricia's using the word "frivel." Although I have not got round to looking it up I'm practically certain it does not exist.

"They are not here," I screamed, thrusting my hands in all directions with as much restraint as I could muster.

"Well, where did you put them last?"

"Where did I put them last? You know very well I always hang..." My voice died away.

Patricia looked at me in an interested fashion.

"Yes?" she said.

I tried to look haughty.

"Well, just this once I may have put them somewhere else. I seem to remember thinking that as they always disappear from the nail I would try a fresh place."

With a sinking heart I went to my cigarette box. Inside were the scissors.

"Well, well, well," said Patricia.

The trouble is that women never forget an incident like that.



ART IN THE HOUSE

SCULPTURE'S PLACE

WHAT, if any, sculpture is suited to the home? One might say (on general lines) something small and intimate; perhaps—though it is not necessary to insist on this—mildly useful, as a flower-vase or a paperweight is. The homely forms of the art which people have liked in the past include little sculptured animals, birds and even insects (like the scarab-beetle to which the artists of ancient Egypt devoted their skill); domestic and pastoral subjects (the coroplast or figurine-maker of Tanagra was not above modelling a pretty girl milking a cow); forms of pottery which approach the condition of sculpture (the rapt contemplation of the shape of a bowl has not been confined to the aesthetes of Du Maurier's day); and of course the portrait busts of which every age offers examples.

A little humour is allowable, though we should deplore it in the effigies and monuments put up in public places; the humorous friendliness which is felt for a domestic pet or some quaint beast. If among the household gods a comical pottery cat with fierce painted whiskers be rated low as a work of art we may remind ourselves that there is humour in Chinese animal statuettes which aesthetically are beyond reproach.

Then there is that gem-like fineness which certain artists achieve when they elect to work on a small

scale without intending some vast, later enlargement. How exquisitely fitted for the desk is one of those bronze racehorses by Degas, a miniature marvel of contained movement, full of breeding and fire, the bones and muscles delicate yet strong. If it were made to serve the man of affairs or letters in the humble duty of keeping his papers and correspondence from blowing away it would still lose none of its quality, might gain the more frequently glances of affection from its owner. It is possible that visitors went to the



exhibition "Sculpture in the Home," organized by the Arts Council and recently on view at the New Burlington Galleries in London, with some such notions in mind. In that case they will have been disappointed or at least will have had to make a considerable adjustment in their outlook. There was little sign of that particular appropriateness to a purpose which the title might suggest and much of that disorder which is now known, for want of a better word, as "abstract." There were it is true two excellent portrait busts, Mr. Epstein's "Vaughan Williams" and Mr. Dobson's "Lopokova." These stood out. Few, however, of the objects shown were intimate in the sense we attach to Egyptian, Chinese or Hellenistic small sculpture. There were no animals or birds, though one or two

objects which lacked any apparent capacity for flight were called "Bird." It would have been interesting to see what the metal workers exhibiting would have made of a grasshopper, but they offered no organic or coherent shape. There was no humour, unless it be humorous to call a species of trivet supported on variously shaped stumps "Icarus." In fact, if this really was sculpture for the home the theoretical conception of it earlier suggested falls to the ground.

It is assumed, no doubt, that the modern eye finds satisfaction in weaving its own visual fancies into sculptured forms which do not immediately explain themselves or represent anything. Maybe this is a special modern faculty which it is the aim of the sculptor to bring out further. This aim, however, is open to several criticisms. It is carried too far and places too much of an onus on the spectator. One may ask why cannot the fanciful eye be satisfied equally well by some curious pebble from the beach, by the strangely twisted root of a tree? Is not the imitation of such *objets trouvés* too close to nature, that is, to nature's accidents? Probably more than painting—even in order to be truly abstract—sculpture needs to be based on the representation of the familiar. It was the weakness as a whole of "Sculpture in the Home" not to be familiar enough. WILLIAM GAUNT

"DEVON, GLORIOUS DEVON—"

Lines written during a wet holiday

THE cider press is rotted through,
The clotted cream exudes decay,
The blight enshrouds the apple trees,
No sun will ever shine this day.

The crops lie sodden in the fields,
The writing on the wall is rude,
The zany keeper and his dog
Go barking both through Gallows Wood.

The yaffle shrills his mocking laugh,
The owl kills sleep with mandrake cry,

The stinking goats like Satyr's sport,
The maid the viper bit will die.

The scarlet earth a vampire is,
The tors like burial mounds arise,
The farmhands play at pitch and toss
With pennies from a dead man's eyes.

* * * * *
Come drink the cider Borgia brewed,
The cream as smooth as ancient bones;
The hidden truth I'll disentomb,
The Lie Direct to Baritones!

BOOKING OFFICE

Background and Foreground

NOVELS with good backgrounds and dull foregrounds often turn out to be more interesting than novels with efficient plots and undistinguished settings. Follow the *Seventh Man*, for example, is an eternal-triangle novelette of sickly sentimentality set in a native state in Malaya which is so vividly and intelligently described that the story seems an exercise. Mr. Robert Standish has obviously experienced and weighed the problems of Oriental government. He knows the dangers of venerating an Asiatic ruler with Public School traditions and then expecting him to go home and act like an English Liberal. He places his story in the Edwardian period, when it was still possible for a Malayan sultan threatened with a British Protectorate to fight it off by appointing an Adviser from the Colonial Service.

The hero, who has been at school with the Sultan, has to try to separate his charge's private income from the tax revenue, to hold a balance between Malays and Chinese and to introduce impartial justice. He has also to defend the state against European firms that are trying to milk it of its natural resources. It is hard on him that in addition to these onerous duties he has to be entangled with two women. However, the political interest of the novel far outweighs the dullness of the plot.

The Cabinda Affair is an American whodunit set in a Portuguese enclave on the Congo. Here the descriptions of the place and the complicated intrigues which cluster round a United States mahogany contract are so much the best part of the book that one is scarcely aware of its being a whodunit at all. Mr. Matthew Head writes convincingly of the milieu and most of his characters are real enough. The one failure is the detective, a stock middle-aged American woman, a medical missionary, whose gruffness, heart of gold and unerring intuition really are too stale. Probably the failure results from her being imposed on the situation rather than arising out of it. It might be argued that the contract is the main theme and the murder merely one incident; but it is fairly clear that Mr. Head was trapped into embroidering the story he really had to tell by the fear that without detective interest it would not hold the attention. This misapprehension nearly spoils a very good book, whose unusual background and general vitality make it well worth reading.

Mr. Douglas Baber's *The Slender Thread* is all foreground. It describes a young man, hare-lipped from birth, reared in a "difficult" home and badly wounded in the war, who becomes obsessed by a gold-digger. He dreams he is killing her and, after an abortive consultation with a doctor, is defeated by his obsession and commits the murder. He goes into hiding in a slum lodging-house and drinks heavily, until he becomes haunted by hallucinations and finally gives himself up.

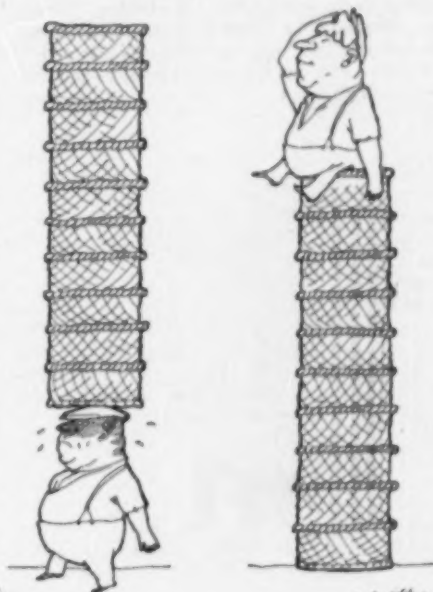
The young man is admirably described. We understand the causes of his mental breakdown without pitying him; he is a horrible young man, very similar in character to the girl he pursues. The neurotic rages are brilliantly done and the irritability, boastfulness and weakness grate on the reader's nerves so that, like the characters in the book, he feels he should be more tolerant than he actually is. The action is well contrived and economically rendered.

Unfortunately the background against which the story is set is unbelievable, not merely dreamlike. The drinking dens, the park, the police-station and the Underground tobacco kiosk where the gold-digger works are sketched in so cursorily that their unreality weakens the effect of the events that take place in them. The doctor who is consulted by the murderer is quite incredible. He has a reputation for dealing with mental difficulties but feels incompetent to treat an acute neurosis and vaguely thinks he ought to look it up in a book. He also vaguely feels that there are specialists in this kind of thing whom he should consult. The conviction behind the narrative and the drawing of the central character hold the attention all through; but the half-heartedness of the setting tends constantly to distract it.

R. G. G. PRICE

Things Seen

Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's travel sketches, collected under the general title *The Face of the Earth*, have, so he tells us, been salvaged from various books lost during



the literary blitz of the last war. They range in period from 1912, "in the light that was at the beginning of this century," to 1944, in distance from a Devon estuary to the upper reaches of the Amazon, from Lundy to Celebes, from Billingsgate to Tanjong Priok. It is all one to Mr. Tomlinson. To him what matter are, wherever found, "things seen for an instant only, or smelt, or heard in the distance, which are never forgotten"; and a stone wall giving upon the Chesil Bank he approaches "as if it were an undiscovered secret on an unfrequented strand of the Tortugas." Things like these he here records in that careful, rather stiff, individual style which is as great a pleasure, in days when so many writers throw their words at the reader by the shovelful for him to make sense of if he can, as the mark of the craftsman's tool in an age of mass manufacture.

C. F. S.

The Sibyl of Steventon

It is not everyone who can stomach Jane Austen's tart little world, and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith and Miss G. B. Stern might have put up a happier exponent of heterodoxy than the infantile seventeen-year-old whose antipathy to the Sibyl of Steventon opens *More Talk of Jane Austen*. Barbara is just the sort of girl Jane would have loved to stick in her *hortus siccus*—a kind of juvenile Mrs. Bennett. But the collaborators break their butterfly pretty quickly on the wheel of Janeite enthusiasm, and get going with clever cross-sections of the novels—heroines, homes, parents, servants, entertainments, letters and so forth. It is done so engagingly that one can well imagine Mr. Bentley of the *Daily Telegraph*—who never, he says in a quoted opinion, got beyond "Pride and Prejudice" himself—succumbing as he did to the collaborators' former volume. (One may be allowed, however, to query Miss Stern's assertion that the heroine of the period was a blonde. She was a Byronic brunette—melting black eyes and ringlets.)

H. F. E.



Fathers and Sons

Mr. John Mason Brown, so sure a guide in the mysterious labyrinth of the American theatre, treats of youth, and in particular of the development of his own two small sons, with uncommon charm. He can be tender without sentimentality, finding poignancy in the helplessness of the young that foreshadows the larger helplessness of the adult; and in *Morning Faces* he gets as rich a dividend from his sons' exploratory adventures as they do. There is no whitewashing here of robust and forthright imps. Indeed, one marvels, not for the first time, at the patience of the American parent in the face of nursery anarchy. But if the note of satisfaction at evidence of male recalcitrance seems sometimes hit a little hard one turns with real pleasure to share with the author and his children the excitements of a first "Hamlet," of a splendid ride in the "Century" to Chicago, of fishing and boating. These essays are light and witty, with wisdom and sympathy behind them.

E. O. D. K.

"All God's Chillun got Wings"

But not in Alabama, where notwithstanding the Negroes' constitutional rights neither their black bodies nor their souls are their own. Mankind has become so accustomed to man's inhumanity to man as practised in German and Communist concentration camps that the appalling sufferings of nine innocent Negro boys confined for years in the State prisons of Alabama might not have aroused world-wide sympathy and condemnation if it had not been that one—virtually illiterate—*Scottsboro Boy* named Haywood Patterson escaped after seventeen years' imprisonment and has now told his frightful and frightening story by the agency of Mr. Earl Conrad's inspired pen. As set down movingly, yet dispassionately, by Mr. Conrad, Patterson's story will long be remembered as a warning of what can happen when justice is suborned to serve racial ends. It is also a salutarily shocking indictment of the barbarous cruelty inflicted by Christian whites upon Christian blacks in a land where both are equal before the law.

I. F. D. M.

Books Reviewed Above

- Follow the Seventh Man.* Robert Standish. (Peter Davies, 9/6)
The Cobinda Affair. Matthew Head. (Heinemann, 9/6)
The Slender Thread. Douglas Baber. (Heinemann, 9/6)
The Face of the Earth. H. M. Tomlinson. (Duckworth, 12/6)
More Talk of Jane Austen. Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern. (Caswell, 12/6)
Morning Faces. John Mason Brown. (Hamish Hamilton, 10/6)
Scottsboro Boy. Haywood Patterson and Earl Conrad. (Collins, 10/6)

Other Recommended Books

- H. G. Wells.* Norman Nicholson. (English Novelists Series. Arthur Barker, 6/-) Sensible survey of Wells's merits, with firm but sympathetic treatment of his defects. Especially good on the comedies.
The Cornhill Heart. Margaret Millar. (Hamish Hamilton 8/6) Brilliant American psychological horror story. Fresh plot, setting and characters. Proves that the natural can be more terrifying than the supernatural.

THE WRITER'S CRAFT

"IF it be in thee to frame a lively letter," wrote Ben Jonson, "thou canst earn money by thy pen!" "Canst thou really?" snarls the disgruntled novice, and I must say that I think Jonson might well have added "But get expert advice about thy stuff." Only too often an editor or publisher, eager to pour out a flood of treasure to obtain diversion for his readers, is forced to reject a manuscript, and, sick at heart, to lay aside his cheque-book, all because of a few elementary blunders which could have been avoided easily enough. In this article I should like to glance for a moment at the first problem likely to be encountered by the young author: "What shall I write about?"

It is said that Milton used to tell against himself the story of a rebuke received from a bookseller to whom he had held forth for some time about an idea for an epic. When he had finished the bookseller said quietly "But it is not what interesteth *thee* that matters: it is what interesteth the public." The sequel occurred some years later, when Milton happened to meet the same bookseller and asked smilingly whether he recalled their previous encounter. The bookseller responded with a hearty handshake and a good-natured slap on the back. "I have something here," said Milton, his eyes twinkling, "which may interest *thee*." The "something" was *Paradise Lost*!

Many years ago an author, struggling dourly with a book on whaling, came to William Wordsworth for advice.

"What do you know of whaling?" asked Wordsworth.

"Nothing," was the frank reply.

"Neither do I," chuckled Wordsworth. "Burn what you have done, and write of what you know."

That author took Wordsworth's advice. His name was De Quincey. The book? The *Opium Eater*!

It follows, then, that we must first contrive to interest our public, and second, to write only of what is familiar to us. Let no one assume, however, from the order in which I



"How would you like me to come and muck about with your debutures?"

have put these essentials, that I regard the second as relatively unimportant. Perhaps I can make the thing clearer.

A young writer once offered the editor of *The Lancet* a little article entitled "The Occiput." The editor glanced over the first few lines. "Too many young surgeons," he read, "confronted with their first diseased occiput, are apt to say lightheartedly 'We must have that off.'" Now here was a case of a writer who had matched his subject to his public successfully enough, but who knew little or nothing about it, and the editor told him so, pretty bluntly. Luckily the young man

took it in the right spirit. He quietly put his writing on one side and secured a position in the operating theatre of a large hospital. Wherever doctors met to discuss the finer points of their craft he was to be found, flitting from group to group, listening, taking notes, and as he grew bolder, interpolating suggestions. Within a month he was unobtrusively operating in an informal way, and his next article, a sparkling and provocative five thousand words entitled "The Lumbar Regions," was received with acclamation. To-day that young man is editor of the *Surgical Times*, and hail - fellow - well - met with the

wielders of some of the nimblest scalpels in the country.

Now, since no one can be an expert on everything, it is pretty obvious that we must be prepared to specialize, and that we must devote some care to the choice of a subject. I once asked some young friends, while discussing with them this question of specialization, to suggest suitable subjects. "Iron," said one. "Cricket," said another. The sea, insects, Africa, and health were also mentioned. All these subjects were of course much too comprehensive, and I offered for their consideration hay-fever, miniature railways, apes, and left-handed explorers.

Let us suppose that we decide to specialize in apes. First we must begin to collect Press-cuttings. Our daily newspaper is, shall we say, *The Times*. Every morning, then, we must look through our *Times* and snip out all relevant matter. (I use a pair of fairly long-bladed scissors, and save time and patience.) A quick glance will be sufficient for headlines and leaders, but the rest of the paper should be thoroughly combed. As the cuttings accumulate they should be sorted into labelled boxes. At first our labels will be

limited to "Mandrills," "Gorillas" and so on, but as time goes by greater subdivision will be necessary and eventually we shall find it worth while to start boxes for categories such as "Baboon found in crypt," "Burmese white-handed gibbon ejected from exclusive club," etc. In these particular boxes, of course, cuttings tend to accumulate slowly, and there is a danger that some such item as "Archdeacon strikes chimpanzee" may, in a moment of weakness, bring about the creation of a "Miscellaneous" section. The wise writer prints a new label and steadily combs his *Times*.

Having started our Press-cutting collection we must continue our search for material, and here the local vicar will prove a tower of strength—not of course that he has necessarily come in contact to any great extent with apes, though some little adventure may well have come his way (a possible title, "A Gorilla in my Belfry," occurs to me as I write), but his help will be invaluable in directing the writer to likely sources of information. It is well known that people will open their hearts with little reserve to a spiritual adviser. At such times the

barriers are down in earnest, however proud and reserved the nature, and if some such thing as a chance encounter with a marmoset should come to light, well, so much the better for our writer.

When we have added to our Press-cuttings and other information our own experiences—and we must keep our eyes open—we are ready to put pen to paper, but here we find ourselves outside the scope of this article.

A final word on specialization: a reputation for infallibility will bring the writer many a profitable commission. If the editor of *The Times* is suddenly in the market for a thousand words on the Assamese hoolock he is apt to turn to the specialist.

T. S. WATT

§ §

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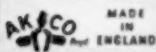
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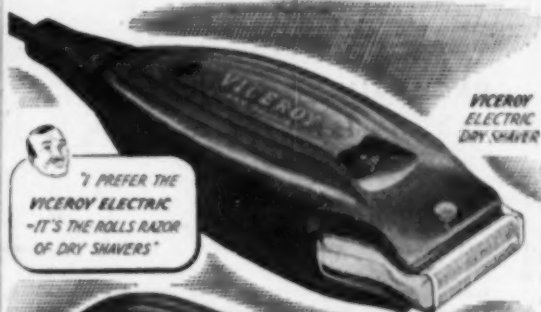
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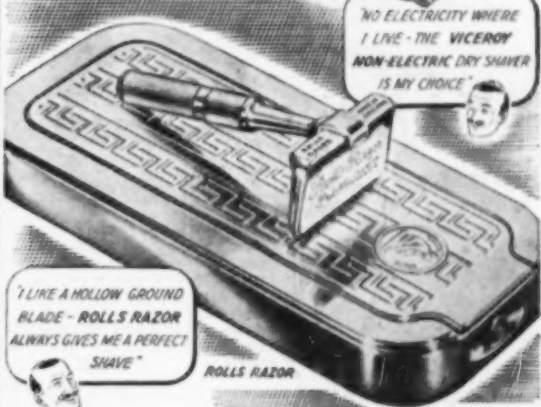
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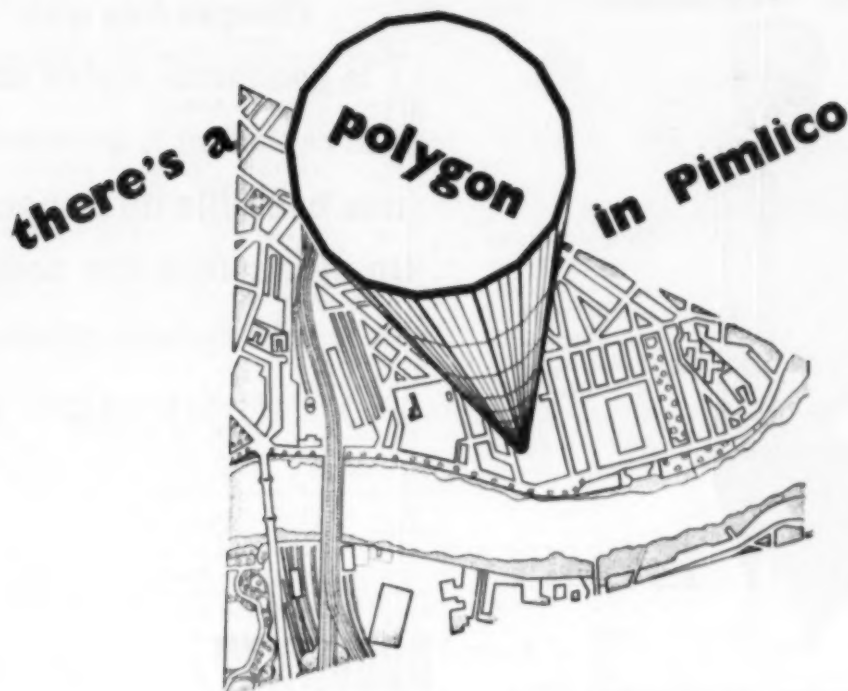
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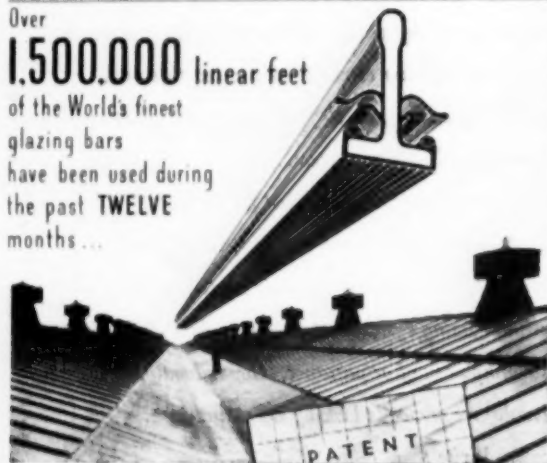
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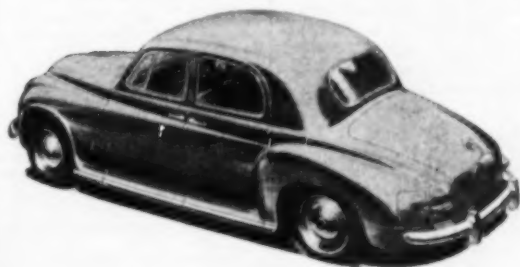
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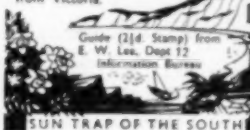
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56



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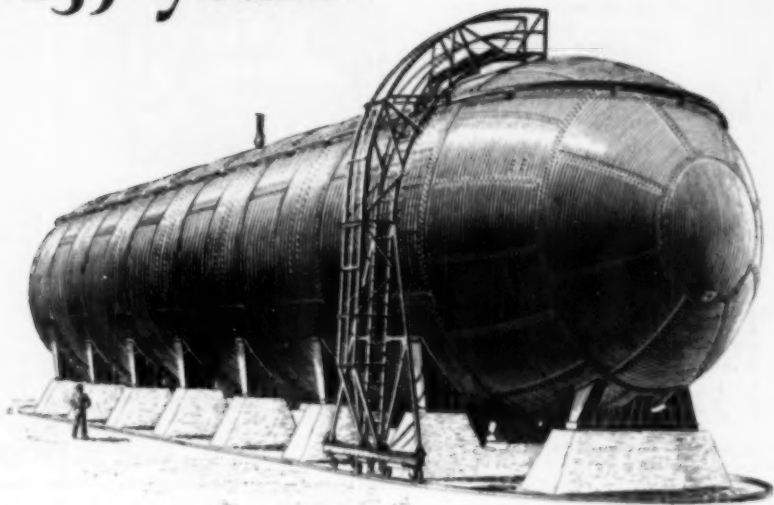
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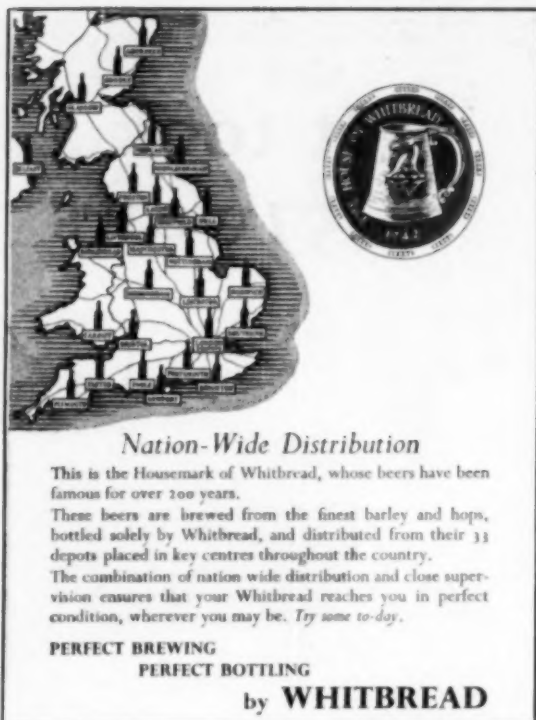
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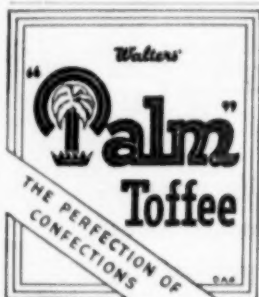
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Even to-day Old Gowrie keeps its pride of place. A classic example of an old-fashioned pressed all-Virginia tobacco prepared in the loving manner of yesterday—even to-day! It is received with gratitude and punctuality by Britons all over the globe. It follows them wherever they go. Old Gowrie's charm lies within its satisfying coolness and the unsulphurated fragrance of carefully selected Virginia leaf. The pleasure it gives is not regarded lightly, but is counted among the fewer luxuries.

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The select of a good tobacco remains constant and complete and is indeed to be prized among the graver pleasures. There can be no substitute. Such a tobacco is Rattray's 7 Reserve. It owes its rich mellow fullness to the unburied and skilful hands of craftsmen grown old in the service of blending carefully selected leaf. For cool and satisfying smoking 7 Reserve is clearly indicated and is forthwith fully appreciated by those who keep their pipes within reach throughout the waking hours. Hourly devotion does not impair its fragrance or render the palate insoucious to its charm.

A customer writes from
Liverpool—
"I attend my very best
tobacco to you and your staff
and send many thanks for
your continued courtesy and
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A customer writes from
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"In asking you to send me
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I look forward to much
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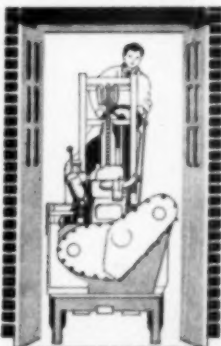


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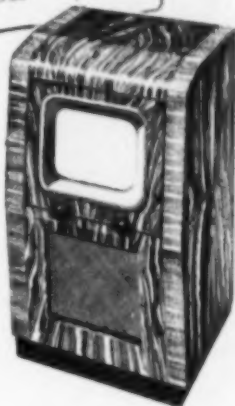
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